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WHILE THE PUBLIC has been rejoicing in the fresh winds of hope for release from war that blew across the land in the speeches of Prime Minister MacDonald, and while the press has been well-nigh unanimously sounding a note of friendliness to our visitor and his country, the Chicago *Tribune* has been publishing a whole series of alarmist articles and editorials in its best anti-British vein. The *Tribune,* it will be recalled, was for many years in favor of "my country right or wrong," and in foreign and domestic affairs alike it has devoted its efforts to seeing that the country should be wrong as often as possible. So at present it is running true to form, but it is interesting and a bit pathetic to see what a lone race it has been making during the past few days. We do not look for new heavens and a new earth as a result of a few eloquent speeches, sincere though they be, but we do welcome evidences of a spirit of mutual confidence and trust between our own and other countries. Those evidences have been uncommonly apparent during the days of the Prime Minister's visit. Nationalism of the Chicago *Tribune* type is a thing altogether hateful and abhorrent, and we rejoice to see it put completely on the defensive.

THE MASSACHUSETTS DEPARTMENT of Public Utilities has just unanimously denied the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston permission to split its stock in four by changing the par value from $100 to $25. The commissioners declare flatly that "no public interest will be served by the reduction of the par value of the stock at this time," but that on the other hand innocent investors are likely to be encouraged in a false expectation of increased dividends. The company, the department declares, has for years distributed practically all of its earnings in dividends, "with the result that it has made little provision for depreciation or surplus," and the Edison rates are compared unfavorably with those of other companies that have pursued a more conservative financial policy. Worst of all, according to a special dispatch to the New York *Times,* the department asserts that "the company ought not to increase its dividends until it was able to sell electricity in its territory at rates comparable with those of the municipal plants, which are about one-half of the Edison rates." What will these wretched Massachusetts commissioners be saying and doing next? Despite alarums in the United States Supreme Court, they have stuck stubbornly to the doctrine that the money actually and prudently invested in a public utility constitutes the sound basis of fair return, and they threaten the companies with the club of public ownership if their doctrine is overthrown. And now they assert that municipal rates are about half of Edison rates. What is public regulation for? What of the blessings of private initiative?

WHITNEY WARREN HAS WON his suit against the University of Louvain and as a result the court has ordered that the inscription: "Furore Teutonica Diruta —Dono Americano Restituta" be placed on the balustrade over the library entrance. Mr. Warren declared that he was merely insisting on the right of an artist to have his design executed after it had been duly accepted, and he stressed the fact that Cardinal Mercier himself was in favor of the inscription. The controversy which began when the Carnegie Foundation, chief donor of the new building, objected to the Latin phrase, and which resulted in a riot when the stone on which it was engraved was erected has thus been settled to Mr. Warren's satisfaction. And it may well turn out to be an entirely fortunate conclusion. For of the thousands of persons who visit Louvain and read the inscription, many will find it an unjust and unhappy one; and thus reading and deploring they will be reminded, as nothing else could perhaps remind them, how wars are carried on—unjustly, in the heat of anger and vengeance, without reason or mercy. They may even come to distrust passions which, in ten years, have come to seem so incredible, so unnecessary. And it is devoutly to be wished that they should. It is interesting, in the same connection, to read that Ernst Lissauer, author of the far-famed Hymn of Hate, so dear only a little more than ten years ago to jingoes, has this to say of his masterpiece today:

> I wrote that poem in the honest belief, strengthened by the utterances of English statesmen and newspapers, that England meant to throttle the German people. . . . I realize today that I would have done better to give vent to my feelings, not in a Hymn of Hate against England but in a

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Hymn of Love for Germany. It is painful to me to find my name still always associated with killing and destroying, although in hundreds of writings published during the last decade I have consistently shown that my ideals are purely constructive and creative.

THE TARIFF BILL continues on its perilous way through the Senate. Just what kind of measure is going to emerge finally no one can tell. Senator Smoot on October 12 told the President that the bill "had a chance," but that its passage depended on the Progressives, to which Senator Borah promptly replied that the measure would then have to be rewritten to help the farmer, in accordance with the President's announced purpose in calling the special session. The Senate, in Committee of the Whole, after voting to take away the President's power to change duties under the flexible provisions, also voted down a provision authorizing local appraisers to employ American valuation of imported goods where foreign valuation is difficult to ascertain —an opening wedge, undoubtedly, for general American valuation and, consequently, higher duties. Seven Democrats finally joined the regular Republicans, however, in voting to allow manufacturers and labor organizations to intervene in cases involving appraisal and classification. Philippine independence was brought up by Senator Broussard's attempt to tax Philippine sugar for the benefit of his Louisiana constituents. A straight amendment for the independence of the islands was defeated by a vote of only 36 to 45, though several Senators favoring independence voted against the amendment because they thought the question ought not to be taken up in this irregular fashion. Altogether the result of the brief debate and the vote is distinctly discouraging to friends of independence for the Philippines.

ON THE "CENSORSHIP" PROVISION of the bill the Senate took divided and inconsistent action. The present law prohibits importation of any obscene book. The House bill prohibits also any "book, pamphlet . . . containing any matter advocating or urging treason, insurrection, or forcible resistance to any law of the United States or containing any threat to take the life of or inflict bodily harm upon the President of the United States." The Senate Committee sagely enlarged the last clause to read "any person in the United States." Senator Cutting, with much progressive support, waged a valiant fight against these silly and pernicious provisions, pointing out that among some 739 works banned by our postal and treasury experts were such classics as the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes and (temporarily) Voltaire's "Candide." After an all-day debate, by a vote of 38 to 36 it was determined to adopt Senator Cutting's proposal to allow the admission of allegedly obscene literature and determine its fitness afterwards, instead of letting customs officers decide that question in advance as they do now. Apparently, though these officers are not, in the Senate view, qualified to pass upon obscenity, they are experts on revolutions, so the Finance Committee's prohibition of revolutionary literature was maintained intact. If a university wants to import any of the works of Marx or Lenin, for example, or if an American desires to study a foreign political work containing revolutionary phrases, it can be done only by grace of the customs clerks. The ways of our legislators, like the ways of God, are past finding out.

"A DECEITFUL, COVERT, TRICKY game, the meanest imposition on public and press in the whole realm of journalism in this day," is the characterization applied by the *Editor and Publisher* to the subject-matter of a course in publicity, officially labeled "Organization of Public Opinion," offered by the extension department of Columbia University. "The propaganda stunt," the writer declares, "has become a thorn in the side of responsible journalism, and our objection is to the fact that Columbia's course tends to lend to the trade an appearance of legitimacy and dignity. . . . Propaganda can only represent a self-serving and partisan view. . . . What the world needs is truth, all sides of every story, written with disinterested hands, with sources carefully identified." We are all for truth in journalism, disinterested, comprehensive, and fully vouched for, and all against organized efforts to "put something over" on the public without regard to the means that are used, but we nevertheless find the attack of the *Editor and Publisher* a little indiscriminate. Even a newspaper cannot print everything about everything, and not many worthy causes would live long if they could not get before the public in some way with their facts and their enthusiasms. Why not go on from generalities and show up a few striking examples of good and bad publicity?

LORD BRIDGEMAN, head of the British delegation at the Geneva arms conference of 1927, has written a letter to the London *Times* which not only sheds further light on the propaganda activities of William B. Shearer, but also suggests that the American delegation was not ignorant of what Shearer was doing. According to Lord Bridgeman, a statement which he made in an interview with British and American correspondents to the effect that he "had not disputed and did not intend to dispute the claim of the United States to equality in naval strength" was presently distorted, in the Chicago *Tribune,* into a statement to the effect that "Bridgeman would never agree to parity." Bridgeman first called together a few of "the most responsible" of the correspondents, who assured him of the correctness of his original statement and agreed with him that the *Tribune* version was false, and then asked for a second plenary session of the conference in order to correct the misunderstanding. Meantime he had learned that Shearer was "said to be distributing, widely, violent attacks on British policy and good faith and monstrous misstatements as to actual proposals." To head off Shearer's campaign, Lord Bridgeman writes, "I caused representations to be made to the chief delegate of the United States about the course I believed Shearer to be taking," but in spite of this Shearer "continued to hold his ticket" as a correspondent "and carry on the same bitter campaign." The head of the American delegation at the 1927 conference was Hugh S. Gibson, now American Minister to Belgium. It would seem to be in order for Mr. Gibson to tell what he knows about Shearer.

THE LABOR LANDSLIDE in Australia exceeded the fondest hopes of the party leaders and made James Henry Scullin, once an obscure editor of a small labor weekly, premier of the Commonwealth. Labor's victory is all the more surprising because of the overwhelming defeat sustained by the Labor Government of Queensland last May after fifteen years in office. Banking upon this defeat as an

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index of national feeling, Prime Minister Stanley Bruce and his Nationalist-Country Party coalition launched an attack upon the federal compulsory arbitration system which has been in force in Australia for more than twenty-five years. The election shows that whatever may be the shortcomings of the system the voters of Australia do not want it abolished or transformed into an ineffective set of state judicial bodies as it would have been under the Bruce program. Mr. Bruce himself appears to have been defeated in his contest for Parliament, and Labor has won a clear majority over all opposition parties. Dispatches indicate that the treasurer of the new Labor Government will be Ernest G. Theodore, former premier of Queensland and vigorous exponent of applied socialism. Our sympathy goes out to the conservative editorial writers in this country who for the last six years have been using Australia as a text for disquisitions upon the failure of socialism.

THE NEW CHINESE REBELLION mentioned in last week's issue has become more serious and has also to some extent changed in character. Reactionaries, followers of Feng Yu-hsiang, near-Communists, and original leaders of the Nationalist movement have all decided to rebel against Chiang Kai-shek in their own way. The opposition now includes some of the worst as well as the best elements in Chinese life. Feng and Yen Hsi-shan, the two most formidable generals who oppose Nanking, are reported moving troops southward toward Hankow. Chang Fak-wei has joined the Kwangsi rebels in the South. The loyalty of Manchuria to Nanking is doubtful. Who will emerge from the present fracas as ruler of China it is impossible to tell, but probably no one man or group will be able to maintain the nation as a political unity. A Peking correspondent writes us: "When a political situation arises in China, figure it all out nicely and logically, and then reverse your conclusion." Under the circumstances we shall not hazard a conclusion, but it is perfectly evident that whoever wins in the present civil war the people of China will lose.

CHILD MARRIAGE IN INDIA has received at least a legislative blow. On September 23 the Sarda Child Marriage bill, which has been in process for more than three years, was passed by a vote of 67 to 14 in the Legislative Assembly at Simla. The bill, which applies to all communities in India, makes it a criminal offense to arrange, solemnize, or otherwise participate in the marriage of a girl below the age of fourteen and provides a punishment therefor of imprisonment for one month or a fine of 1,000 rupees. There is no doubt that the bill will be signed by the Viceroy, despite the protests of orthodox Moslems, who abstained from voting and have sent a deputation to the Viceroy to ask him to refuse to sign the bill. Opposition to the bill came mostly from orthodox Mohammedan members who held that the Assembly should not pass legislation touching upon religious or personal matters. (One of the opposition speakers said that the bill would occasion maternity before marriage which, he declared, was so prevalent in England and America.) But as the *Manchester Guardian* points out, it is the Hindu community which is chiefly affected, and the Hindu masses are much more orthodox than their representatives in the Assembly. Enforcement of the bill will undoubtedly prove to be both difficult and dangerous. The Nationalist leaders in the Assembly who are responsible for passage of the bill realize, probably more vividly than anyone else, these difficulties and dangers. But they realize also that self-government can mean nothing unless it is rooted in national good health.

IF WILLIAM FOX HAS HIS WAY the talkies will teach our children in school, preach sermons at us in church, show young doctors how the great surgeons perform operations, and enliven the long winter evenings with home-projected films distributed by local film libraries. It is a big dream that the millionaire theatrical promoter has announced and, on the whole, a worthy one. Our best educators have long ago abandoned the theory that good education must be dull, and the experiments with motion pictures thus far have proved that a film can interest children in material which otherwise they could not assimilate. We doubt that Mr. Fox's notion will be successful for churches, however. People come to hear a great preacher not so much for the words he utters as for the personality of the man—those who doubt this statement should read the sermons of Moody or Beecher and note how colorless and vapid they seem. The most interesting feature in the Fox program of expansion for the talkies is the announcement of a new theater devoted entirely to news-reels to open soon in New York. In the estimation of many theatergoers the news-reels have long been the best part of the program. Perhaps a program built around them with a dash of good music might escape the banalities of Hollywood.

RULES FOR KISSERS, as issued by the Kansas State Board of Health in cooperation with the Federal Public Health Service, include the following:

> Never kiss in crowded places or a poorly ventilated room.
>
> Guard against sudden changes in temperature when kissing. Kissing in a coonskin coat one minute and a lighter apparel the next is extremely dangerous.
>
> Don't kiss any person who has chills and fever.
>
> At a party where kissing games are played be sure to gargle frequently.
>
> If you must kiss, take a hot mustard footbath and avoid drafts in case you feel ill afterward.

These sensible recommendations will, of course, be received with unseemly hilarity by vulgar persons. But the experienced kisser already knows them by heart and he has a number of others that might be added to them. He starts from the premise that kissing at best is an extremely dangerous occupation that may lead anywhere from the altar to the divorce court; in either event good health, good temper, and sound credit are essential to a subsequent happy life. He knows that the presence or absence of a coonskin coat alone will not guard against sudden changes of temperature, and that chills and fever are not seldom the results of the kiss itself, in which case there is no cure for the disease known to medicine—except time. All the hot mustard footbaths in Christendom will not ameliorate a stubborn case of kissitis; it is, however, an affliction that frequently contains its own cure. And one can assuage one's anxiety over its ravages by reflecting that it seldom affects persons who have safely passed middle age—though when it does, it is then taken in its severest and most deplorable form.

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Man and Prime Minister

RAMSAY MACDONALD has come and gone. The Prime Minister of Great Britain and the President of the United States have held private conversations touching naval disarmament and other important matters, and have issued a public statement of certain results of their discussions. Invitations to a five-power naval conference to be held in London in January have been sent out. Ramsay MacDonald, peace advocate and Socialist Prime Minister, has been warmly welcomed in Washington and New York, even by such conservative organizations as the English-speaking Union and the Council on Foreign Relations. In a series of addresses notable for their sincerity, earnestness, and eloquence he has moved deeply the throngs that heard him in person and the vastly wider audiences listening on the radio. In its immediate circumstances, his visit has been a great success.

What, if any, is the deeper importance of this historic visit? The answer to that question, we believe, lies in this fact: it is not simply the Prime Minister of Great Britain, but it is Ramsay MacDonald who came to confer with our President and to speak to our people. Ramsay MacDonald, in the days that tried men's souls, proved his willingness to pay the price of peace; Ramsay MacDonald has proved over and over again that he believes it possible to appeal successfully to the underlying idealism of every-day people.

We do not wish to exaggerate or to raise false hopes. There has always been too much of that in dealing with the peace moves of statesmen real and so-called. As far as the public knows, tangible results are still in the future. Despite the announcement of substantial agreement on naval reductions, practical steps still depend on the decisions of the January conference—a far different matter. The thorny question of freedom of the seas is not even mentioned. Doubtless it is one of the "old historical questions" that are now to be approached "from a new angle and in a new atmosphere." Pronouncements about the unthinkableness of war in themselves amount exactly to nothing. We do well, then, to remind ourselves that the actual detailed task remains.

It is just at this point that the importance of Ramsay MacDonald as leader of the British people appears. Governments, indeed, can proceed no faster or farther than their people are willing to go; but the popular longing for peace has been frustrated by the activities of statesmen representing interests that set other things ahead of peace. In this case, however, we know that the leader is actually far ahead of his countrymen; but in pleading for mutual understanding he is voicing a profound, if unexpressed, desire of both his country and ours. When he calls on us for patience with the British in their reliance on their navy for safety, no one suspects him of putting forward an excuse to keep up British naval predominance. When he declares that he will take "the risks of peace," he believes that the people as a whole are willing to adventure with him. Their response is a moving testimony to the correctness of his belief. The leader of Great Britain in the hard practical tasks just ahead is a man whose own reliance is not on armies and navies, but essentially on good faith and good-will. Few persons perhaps, were prepared for so overwhelming a popular response to his appeal.

Everywhere one hears talk of the "psychological effect" of his coming. For the time being, at any rate, the skilfully directed current of ill-will against Great Britain has ceased to flow. Even such professional anti-British big navy men as Representative Britten are constrained to speak favorably of naval reduction. It is, of course, too much to hope that any one man can turn the whole current of national feeling, but certainly Ramsay MacDonald the man, speaking as Prime Minister of Great Britain, has done much to convince Americans that the ruling desire of his people is for friendly cooperation with us, and thus to undo the hateful work of fomenting misunderstanding and ill-will so industriously carried on during the years just past by our big navy advocates, our armament makers, our Shearers, and our admirals. Persistent rumors suggest a possible dismantling of British bases in the Caribbean and at Halifax. In view of our own record in the Caribbean it is not for an American to offer any such suggestion, but without question a gesture of this sort would add greatly to the effect already produced by the Prime Minister's utterances on the feeling and imagination of the people of the United States. Newspaper reports indicate also a good result of our warm response to Mr. MacDonald's idealism. If the British can learn that we Americans, too, care for something besides more goods, grubby profits, collected war debts, then the process of understanding will have been pushed forward on both sides and the cause of peace measurably advanced. In understandings of this kind there is contained no threat to anyone but only a promise of cooperation with all who wish for peace.

Without exaggerating, then, the actual results already accomplished in the sphere of popular feeling and ideas, and with full realization of the immense difficulties to be faced in the practical tasks of disarmament, we would yet express profound gratitude for the visit of Ramsay MacDonald, the man and the Prime Minister. We are glad that he has interpreted to us as he sees it the thought and feeling of the people of Great Britain, and that that thought and feeling are so like our own. We are glad that he has pointed out the practical value of steps toward disarmament in driving nations more and more "into the frame of mind which finds security in mutual confidence and mutual good-will." We are glad that in pledging us the sincerity of his Government in signing the peace pact he has invited our cooperation in making it in fact the ruling principle of inter-governmental relations. It is on that note that we would leave him. "It is absolutely impossible," he said to the Senate, "if you and we do our duty in making the peace pact effective, that any section of our army, whether land or sea or air, can ever again come into possible conflict." So be it! Let us lay broad and deep the foundation of mutual understanding and national good-will, while we cut down armies and navies and erect in their stead the machinery of judicial settlement. That way lies peace.

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The Mayoralty Circus

NEW YORK is again choosing a mayor and once more the contest attracts nationwide attention. Well it may. No one can witness without amazement this quadrennial spectacle or fail to be disheartened by the evidence of the low level to which a crass partisanship has reduced the greatest American city. The only redeeming feature of the election is the candidacy of Norman Thomas. If he, Mayor Walker, and Congressman La Guardia were before the public to be chosen on their merits, with no party tags on them and no political machines behind them, the city would, we think, vote overwhelmingly for Mr. Thomas. He stands head and shoulders above the others; his discussion of the city's problems has delighted his friends and astonished his opponents. His intellectual development and his steadily increasing ability as a leader make him one of America's greatest human assets. When one stops to think what a man like this could accomplish if he had four years in the City Hall of New York with sufficient authority, it is enough to make one weep that the city turns its back upon the chance to have him in charge of its affairs.

As for the other candidates, we have not forgotten that on many pages of *The Nation* is to be found praise of Congressman La Guardia. He has been the outstanding Congressman from New York at Washington. He has repeatedly shown independence, courage, true liberalism, and an honesty of utterance and purpose to delight the spectator. When he was so outspokenly independent that the party machine would not renominate him, he ran as a Socialist and was triumphantly elected. He has to an unusual degree the confidence and the backing of the great foreign groups in the metropolis, and he will poll a large vote among them; their desire to have one of their own as chief executive of the city is as natural as it is earnest. In other words, Congressman La Guardia has been a genuine progressive of late years. He has had the courage of his convictions, as on the prohibition issue; he has been sound on questions of war and peace, and he has repeatedly shown that true courage is the best way into the affections of the electorate.

Why, then, can *The Nation* not indorse his candidacy? Because, having been published in New York City for more than sixty years, it is quite aware of the fact that the Republican machine, despite its fringe of respectables, is not one whit better and is far less able than Tammany Hall. It has long been an annex of the Tammany machine, and it has rejoiced in its minority position because under the existing organization and law the minority is certain of obtaining considerable patronage without the trouble of working for it. Mr. La Guardia has at times scored, scorned, and ridiculed this machine and its leaders and has openly shown his contempt for them. He does not now deny that, if elected, he will consult with its leaders and will do business with the "boys." He would bring a creditable atmosphere of frankness and honesty into the City Hall, but he would in the long run advance the city very little. With all respect to him he is not of the same stature as Norman Thomas.

As for Mayor Walker, while we cannot agree with those who characterize his administration and the man as a complete disgrace to the city, his undeniable personal attractiveness and, we believe, honesty should blind no one to the fact that Tammany Hall remains Tammany Hall. We have had little faith in the new Tammany, and have still less as time goes on. It is still an organization "held together by the cohesive power of public plunder." It is getting its graft on a larger scale than ever before. The city is in many respects wretchedly and corruptly misgoverned. Its police are venal, brutal, and inefficient. Mayor Walker has initiated some great public enterprises, but only a part of what might be done. His administration has dreadfully mishandled the transit situation, and it is in a considerable degree responsible for the numerous scandals lately aired in the press, especially those in connection with the judiciary. The Mayor, in whose record there are a number of things to be adequately explained, has chosen to say very little on the stump. As a whole the contest is one of charges and countercharges, criminations and recriminations, and enough daily mudslinging to cause acute nausea in the observer who cares something about the good name and the reputation of his city and country.

To this government by national parties in municipal affairs has reduced New York with all its wealth, power, and prestige. The old efforts of the silk-stockings by fusion tickets to redeem the city have long since ended. The fusion portion of the La Guardia campaign is a joke. The two machines are frankly out for the spoils just as they always have been. One recalls some of the well-governed cities of Europe with their freedom from partisanship, and wonders how long it will be before the perversion of democracy which results from these partisan contests will cease to make the government of our large cities a by-word and a shame. There is certainly nothing in what is going on in New York to cheer on those who, throughout the country, are doing their best to keep politics and corruption out of our civic government.

Labor Asleep

IN spite of large dinners and optimistic speeches the delegates to the Toronto convention of the American Federation of Labor were not very happy about their organization's record during the past year. It isn't a record to be proud of. For the most part the A. F. of L. sits at the side of the road and lets the rest of the world go by. Here and there a few strongly organized unions have won the five-day week, but not a single forward step of any importance has been taken during the past year toward organizing the basic industries of steel, automobiles, rubber, oil, and lumber.

Although President Green reported a slight gain in membership, everyone familiar with the federation's system of reckoning members knows that the gain is fictitious, since the thousands of miners who have dropped away from the once-great United Mine Workers Union are still carried on the federation's books. David J. Saposs of Brookwood Labor College recently pointed out that the small reactionary union, the United Garment Workers, is listed with the federation as having a membership of 47,500, whereas it has not more than 10,000.

The decline in numbers would not itself be a serious

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charge against the A. F. of L. officials if they had demonstrated any great determination to recoup their losses. American capitalism is so overwhelmingly powerful and so bitterly anti-union in policy that the strongest and wisest labor organization might meet the same fate as the A. F. of L. But the federation leaders do not even challenge their opponents with any gusto. They stick in the old trenches and let the enemy advance. They cannot even be called sleeping giants because, like Samson, they have lost their strength while they slept.

Some of these unpleasant truths were forced upon the delegates at Toronto. Andrew Furuseth created a sensation by reading into the record a stinging condemnation from the Scripps-Howard newspapers which described the federation as a "pathetic organization" and added:

> While the hungry Southern mill hands are facing alone the organized employers and hostile authorities, beaten by mobs and shot down by sheriffs, the sleek A. F. of L. officials sit twiddling their thumbs at mahogany desks in Washington, or are making patrioteering speeches to the National Security League or at West Point. The A. F. of L. is accurately described as the aristocracy of labor. All aristocracies are subject to dry rot.

To underscore this rebuke came the story of the Marion massacre. It was so moving a story that even the labor officials could not ignore it. They passed resolutions calling for an organizing campaign in the South, and there are some indications that the money for such a campaign will be provided.

Fortunately for the American labor movement there are two groups of labor leaders who are not twiddling their thumbs. We refer to the Conference for Progressive Labor Action, recently organized under the leadership of A. J. Muste of Brookwood, and to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. The C. P. L. A., as it is commonly called, is working as a committee of militant pioneers within the A. F. of L. to demonstrate by example what can be done in centers of industrial discontent. Its members were largely responsible for carrying on the strikes at Elizabethton, Tennessee, and Marion, North Carolina.

To the Amalgamated Clothing Workers under the leadership of Sidney Hillman must go credit for one of the most notable victories in recent labor history, the organization of the Philadelphia men's clothing market. Philadelphia had become known as the "scab market" of America, a threat to decent labor conditions in New York and other cities. By concentrating a whole army of organizers on the city at the height of the manufacturing season and by paying huge sums in strike benefits Hillman and his lieutenants swept away the opposition and organized 80 per cent of the industry in a few weeks. Best of all, the union did not stop fighting when the large shops signed a union agreement. Judge William H. Kirkpatrick of the United States District Court had issued an injunction against the Amalgamated during the strike which, if followed in future decisions, would make almost any strike in a nationally organized industry illegal as an interference with interstate commerce. The Amalgamated has announced that it will not compromise with the injunction, but will fight the case through if necessary to the United States Supreme Court. Of such stuff will a militant labor movement in the United States be made.

The Plagiarism Racket

IN this age of rackets it is not easy to keep track of all the various methods which have been devised for the purpose of turning a dishonest penny, and few persons realize that the business of bringing flimsy charges of infringement against successful plays has reached proportions which justify certain unscrupulous lawyers in maintaining a staff hired for the purpose of devising them. Occasionally plagiarism suits get into the papers, as was recently the case when Anne Nichols sued the Universal Film Company for three million dollars and when, still more recently, a rather obscure woman writer brought a suit (still pending) against Eugene O'Neill for alleged infringements in "'Strange Interlude." We do not mean to imply that all plagiarism suits are rackets, or that either of the above should be so considered, but according to Howard Barnes, who contributes an article to the current *Theatre Guild Magazine*, the number of suits actually brought gives no idea of the extent to which the racket has been developed. Some ten or twenty infringement cases are annually tried in the courts, and nearly one hundred and fifty are settled by private agreement. This means that nearly one-half of all the shows which play for two hundred nights or more are compelled to make some sort of arrangement with persons claiming rights in the piece.

The majority of the threatened suits are, Mr. Barnes believes, little more than simple blackmail. In Washington a group of men regularly make synopses of all the unproduced plays copyrighted by their authors and these synopses are then forwarded to a New York office where another group of men watch all openings for the purpose of detecting any similarities, no matter how slight. When they have found one they communicate with the author of the copyrighted play and suggest that they be allowed to bring suit.

If the case ever actually comes to trial defendants usually win, but defense is expensive. Mr. Belasco—who has never lost a suit and never compromised out of court—estimates that he has spent more than a hundred thousand dollars to secure his various acquittals. Obviously it is generally cheaper to compromise for a sum less than defense in a courtroom would cost. Moreover, this particular racket seems to have entered upon a new era of prosperity with the rise of the importance of movie and talking-picture rights. Most film companies have found it necessary to refuse to buy any play against which a suit is pending, with the result that almost any piece known to have picture possibilities is likely to be threatened by someone who hopes to be bought off for a modest sum which the author pays for the privilege of submitting a play upon which "protection" has already been bought. Collecting tribute from ice-men is a smaller business but it seems to be based upon about the same principle.

Modern copyright is a comparatively new thing and the present American law dates from 1909. It was drawn, of course, for the purpose of protecting authors, but if Mr. Barnes accurately describes current conditions it would appear that the law may actually cost the writer more than it is worth, since the more stringently it is interpreted the more likely he is to be victimized by someone of whose work he has never heard.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

BASEBALL is deservedly known as our national sport, for in the World Series just ended in triumph for the Athletics it was evident that the games contained most of the characteristic phases of American life. The factors which went into the final decision were shrewdness, skill, sentimentality, and downright luck. Politics, industry, and the arts are made up of these selfsame elements.

Perhaps luck should not have been placed last in the list. On the whole the business of master minding was jolted. In this scientific age we are inclined to find the hidden hand of efficiency even in the most unlikely places. Indeed, baseball was glorified as the acme of precision long before the magazine writers began to proclaim that Henry Ford was our equivalent for Goethe and Thomas Edison a greater public benefactor than Spinoza. It was Hugh Fullerton who began, many seasons ago, to act the role of baseball's Roger Babson. Not content with the comparatively easy task of picking a winner in the annual sporting classic, Mr. Fullerton undertook to tell in advance the exact score of each game. By some mysterious system of calculation each individual player had an index number, and by the simple process of adding the digits it was no trouble to foretell the winner.

Of course, the guesses generally did not come out precisely, but if the prophecy was even close we all sat back convinced that baseball was an exact science rather than a game. In the beginning of the series just concluded, the efficiency men had reason to chortle. Connie Mack began with an aged and supposedly ailing pitcher and Howard Ehmke struck out thirteen Cubs for a new world-series record and brought in a decisive victory. In the regular season Ehmke had pitched only two full games, and shortly before the pennant was won by the Athletics he was publicly sent home in disgrace as a player who had failed to keep himself in condition.

This was master minding with a vengeance, for it was pointed out that Mack had made this surprising selection because Ehmke had a peculiar underhand delivery which would be difficult to hit in the Chicago park with the background of moving rooters in the center-field stand. Ehmke's motion was designed to make the ball come up to the plate as if it were merely another bobbing head in the distant bleachers. Indeed, the story was that Mack's happy thought was based upon guile extending over weeks not days. Rumor has it that Ehmke was never really in disgrace. He was left home not because of failure to obey the rules of training but as a scout to spy upon Chicago batters.

But after such a promising beginning chance had its day and upset the predictions of those who thought of baseball as a combination of organic chemistry, dynamics, and the psychology of Dr. Sigmund Freud. After all, the critical fourth game, in which the Athletics made their amazing ten-run rally, depended upon the incalculable factor that the sun shone full into the eyes of Hack Wilson as he was about to make an easy catch. A sure putout became a home run and a lead of eight runs was swept aside.

Now, not even the most idolatrous worshipers of the acumen of Connie Mack could contend that this was other than an act of God. Since Joshua of old there is no record in history of the most inspired leader moving the sun about in a manner to suit his own purpose. Again, in the thrilling last game it can hardly be said that the issue turned solely upon strategy. "Get up and hit a home run," has never been a part of the usable technique of any manager. Mule Haas should receive all proper credit for his mighty blow which tied the score but in any home run there must be some element of good fortune as well as hefty shoulders.

Personally I rejoiced in this vital drive. Until the last two games the mastery of the pitchers had been somewhat depressing. Though crowds are likely to cheer mightily for strikeouts there is more justification in their jubilation over base-hits and particularly the long ones. The pitcher inevitably stands as a symbol of frustration. He is the nay sayer in a world of lofty human aspirations. The curve ball which swoops across the corner fooling the batter and sending him back to the bench in humiliation is a reflection of the Einsteinian philosophy that we live within a circumscribed cosmos. I admit that my conception of the great mathematician's theories is dim, but I have a feeling that he would cramp us in and cut off some of the trillion acres which we like to imagine extending endlessly beyond the Milky Way. At any rate, I do know that whenever a player hits the ball out of the park I have a sense of elation. I feel as if I had done it. To me every wall or fence is palpably an inhibition. Beyond the bleacher roof lies Italy, if one may be permitted to use that currently distressful country as a metaphor for gaiety and wish-fulfilment.

Nor is it inept to drag in many of the phrases of the Freudians. Increasingly it becomes evident that managing a ball club is a psychiatrist's job. In a short series the mental attitude of the combatants is everything. This is the reason why the winning of the first game is almost always decisive. The team which gets the edge plays with more fierceness and confidence. While I have small faith in the predictions of Fullerton and the other experts I would willingly wager another year upon the team which had the most helpful dreams before the games began. Very possibly a shrewd analyst might have known in advance that the great Rogers Hornsby would strike out eight times in the series and prove himself a complete bust under fire. In bed, I have no doubt, he tossed in nightmares where he strove for some prize which was elusive.

But perhaps the most startling reversal of tradition came in the case of Lefty Grove. He shattered the cruel slanders which have always followed lefthanders. It has been said since baseball first began that southpaws were unreliable, wild, and not to be trusted in a pinch. Yet when danger beckoned thickest it was always Grove who stood towering on the mound whipping over strikes against the luckless Chicago batters. He at least did yeoman service for the philosophy of efficiency, for when he sent the ball across the plate at lightning speed he exemplified the truth of the scientific formula, "You cannot hit what you cannot see."

HEYWOOD BROUN

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John Dewey

By SCOTT BUCHANAN

JOHN DEWEY will be seventy years old on October 20. He is both by right of seniority and also by right of esteem the dean of living American philosophers. In extent and depth of influence he has no rival among past American philosophers. Still it has always seemed impossible to make a just estimate and criticism of his work. It has been so varied, so easily misrepresented, above all so quickly accepted and made a part of the homely and familiar affairs of everyday life that criticism has usually achieved only a temporary plausibility and ended in the rattling of technical symbols or the show of epigrammatic wit. A hundred disciples have essayed lucid versions of what they thought was the high doctrine only to find themselves dabbling in literary water colors or making mud-pies out of decayed science.

Part of the difficulty has been due to Mr. Dewey's turbid style. The words have been translucent of an insight the genuineness of which no one has doubted, but they have never achieved transparency. The sentences stumbled and fell under their burden. There was more light in "Experience and Nature" than in anything that had preceded it, but even in this definitive formulation there was a fundamental ambiguity that seemed to rise from the first chapter and spread through the rest of the book. This chapter had been intended as an introduction and "it failed of its purpose; it was upon the whole more technical and harder reading than the chapters which it was supposed to introduce. It was also rather confused in mode of presentation, and at one point in thought as well." This is Mr. Dewey's own comment on it in the preface to the new edition published last year. I believe that the defect has been largely remedied in the new version of the first chapter, and that at least part of the insight has been communicated. My own reading of the new version was an experience of illumination. This is my excuse for entering the lists where so many have met defeat.

It has long been suspected by philosophers and vaguely felt by the lay reader that there was more than met the mind's eye in Mr. Dewey's use of the term "experience." In the first place it has been a weasel word in philosophy for the past 200 years. It might ambiguously denote the inchoate stuff in which philosophers tried to find order or to which they might bring order; it might be the very deceptive appearance of an underlying reality which they hoped to discover; or it might be the turbulent stream of consciousness, at once the evidence of man's spiritual nature and the magic sphere from which he could never escape. A great many modern systems of thought have maintained their positions by slipping from one to another of these meanings when they have been attacked from outside. On that account Mr. Dewey was subject to suspicion as soon as he gave "experience" the central position in his thought. But on further scrutiny there arose a second suspicion that there was more in Mr. Dewey's experience than any of the traditional usages comprehended. It was precarious, versatile, and immediate, but these qualities, he said, argued imagination, ingenuity, and discrimination rather than distrust and escape. Wisdom lay in embracing and strenuously attending to its immediate character.

But the embracing of experience and strenuous attention to its ins and outs are typical attitudes of the pseudo-mystic and the American business man, and critics have made the most of the "dominance of the foreground" in pragmatism. It offers too much aid and comfort to the aesthete and the engineer. Actually Mr. Dewey's thought is in another direction, as appears very clearly in the new version of "Experience and Nature." He is there reviewing in order the various types of lenses that have been used to focus and clarify "experience," he is hunting for the adequate categories. He is impatient with most of them as they have been used in modern thought. The subjective and the objective, mind and body, physical and spiritual, appearance and reality—all these persistent dichotomies have broken and distorted human thought. Their successive canonizations in the history of thought have occasioned many repetitions of "the philosophical fallacy," which is Mr. Dewey's name for the isolation of one particular aspect of experience, its abstraction, and its final eulogistic and preferential treatment as an Ultimate. It is the philosophical fallacy that has started and continued the pest of isms that young students of philosophy suffer in their initiation to the mysteries as presided over by fossilized professors. The disease of hypostasis or Ultimacy has attacked almost every system just as it came to clarity and its fine logical rigor has proved to be the onset of the *rigor mortis*. The diagnosis is good; in fact it is too good, since it applies to Mr. Dewey's own system as it comes to its maturity. But it does reduce the old categories and principles to a state where it is possible "to establish working connections between old and new subject matters."

It has always been a mark of the old pragmatisms of James and Schiller that they were sensitive to novelty—novelty in ideas as well as novelty in experience. James caught modern psychology when it was new; Schiller still plays with the novelties in the proposition that men are biological organisms. Mr. Dewey has contributed a great deal to both these pragmatisms, but his search for adequate categories has sent him farther into the novelties of anthropology. In fact, his remark that it has been his task to establish working connections between old and new subject matters is modest; he has made a thoroughgoing synthesis of modern philosophy and anthropology, so that now it is almost impossible to tell whether anthropology is a philosophy or philosophy is anthropology. It is certain that both modern philosophy and anthropology have gained in the process.

Anthropology has made great advances in the last few years. It long ago passed from the classificatory stage to the so-called dynamic stage when it absorbed Darwin, Spencer, and latterly Freud. It has still more recently described its subject matter as the invention and diffusion of cultures. These terms have been elaborated and enriched

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by the contributions of William Graham Sumner from sociology and Thorstein Veblen from economics in this country, until now it is no longer the study of primitive peoples but analysis of human activities. Mr. Dewey has always been occupied with the invention and diffusion of cultures in schools, our laboratories of applied anthropology. He has watched with both a fatherly and a scientific interest over democracy and education in many parts of the world. His books have talked education, anthropology, and philosophy together, sometimes to the confusion of the reader. He was achieving a synthesis step by step, and, one suspects, unconsciously, at the same time that the anthropological temper was steadily coloring thought and opinion for all of us. One might say that the United States as a whole is one vast laboratory of applied anthropology where all professions and institutions are engaged in inventing and propagating cultures. Here was rich material for the philosophical critic with a taste for novelty, and a training in the history of philosophy afforded material for the anthropological critic who would reconstruct philosophy.

The synthesis has finally taken place by a translation of terms in the process of clarifying the definition of that troublesome middle term, experience. By using the concept of art, understood in the Greek sense as "activity directed to an end," experience is now the activity whereby events in nature are transformed into histories. As Aristotle would say, events have beginnings, middles, and ends. When events happen in that part of nature which is experience their ends are consummatory and fulfilling, enjoyed in themselves, while their beginnings and middles are means to these ends. The slip in Mr. Dewey's translation of Aristotle is intentional. The beginnings and middles of experienced events with a sufficient degree of uniformity and permanence are tools, techniques, mechanisms—in general, instruments, and the results they further are values. Here is the anthropological story of the invention and propagation of technologies contributing analytical clarity to the vague ambiguous term experience, and exhibiting the puzzling thing, experience, as our immediate and active contact with the rest of nature. Whenever the events become social, there appear those highly specialized means, words, signs, and symbols, and the activity becomes "mental" and "spiritual." Whenever the symbols lose their virtue as means, they are reconstructed by consciousness, which is a still more specialized and versatile instrument.

> Art is the process of production in which natural materials are reshaped in a projection toward consummatory fulfilment through regulation of trains of events that occur in a less regulated way on lower levels of nature. Art is "fine" in the degree in which ends, the final termini, of natural processes are dominant and conspicuously enjoyed. . . . Art thus represents the culminating event of nature as well as the climax of experience.

Experience is that part of nature in which the generic traits of reality become intelligible in terms of the human arts. This is the original postulate of an anthropological or social philosophy, and it is beautiful to see how anthropology and philosophy take their places in the consequent analysis of the materials, processes, and results of human manipulation. The demons of body and mind, life and matter, appearance and reality, sense and reason harmoniously contribute their delicate instrumentalities to the realization of human ends. It is not surprising that the account bristles with clever and wise comments on man's experience and nature, and that certain corners of the argument tempt further exploration, such, for instance, as the relation of modern machinery to morals or between modern mathematics and the laconic dials of a pressure gauge.

It has been often said since 1921, when the Paul Carus Foundation Lectures were delivered, that Mr. Dewey is no longer a pragmatist. The hypothesis that I am proposing has something to say about this. William James's definition, so often quoted against him by critics of pragmatism, that truth is the cash value of an idea, gains a new meaning in the anthropological context. Ideas and truth do not exist in experience as defined unless they are instruments leading to an end, and they are tested only by their relations to ends. The correspondence or coherence of ideas becomes a delicate technological problem, and, one might add, loses none of the old precious difficulties. If ideas correspond with what they symbolize they are good instruments; if they do not, consciousness must come in to repair a technological breakdown. Experience is precarious and truth is rare. This is no denial of fundamental epistemological problems.

There is something reminiscent in Mr. Dewey's writings of the wisdom and discriminating reasonableness of the great tradition in philosophy. His avoidance of the old terminologies, for reasons that I have pointed out, sometimes makes it hard to recall what it reminds one of. There is a clue to it in the fact that Mr. Dewey started out in philosophy as a follower of the Hegelian method. Almost all of the internal mechanics of Hegel's "Phenomenology of Spirit" have been replaced by anthropological categories, but the empirical and humanistic interest are the same. It is interesting to compare Mr. Dewey and Karl Marx in this respect. Marx substituted the categories of orthodox economics and today we have dialectical materialism and communism. Mr. Dewey is an empirical naturalist and the father of experimental schools. Some of Mr. Dewey's students are trying to find out why they differ. They might find a suggestion in the myths of Prometheus and Hephaestus who stole heavenly fire and taught men the industrial arts in their separate ways.

There is at present a reaction away from Mr. Dewey's philosophy to a still older tradition, the Platonic, or more accurately the neo-Platonic. The adherents of this tradition would say that Mr. Dewey is a descendant from it in more than one sense. He is an angel fallen from their heaven and in his fall has dragged down all their preferred categories to the lowest level of the original hierarchy. He has infected the eternal verities with time. Worse than that, he himself has committed "the philosophical fallacy." He has deified Time and given all temporal things a preferential metaphysical status. The fallacy is not avoided by turning the system that contains it bottom side up. They would begin by asking him why reality is more favorable to anthropological categories than to physical or theological categories, and then they would go on to ask him about "nature." They would thus take him into the great philosophical conversation, and reward him for raising again the real metaphysical problems, problems from which time does not subtract and to which it does not add one jot or tittle.

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Prosperity—Believe It or Not
I. What Is Prosperity?

By STUART CHASE

IN the year 1906 the Secretary of the Treasury was publicly praying that the country be delivered from more prosperity. That his prayers were in order was evidenced by the glorious crash in the following year—the profound business depression of 1907.

The present era, 1922 to 1929, marks the fifth great period of business prosperity in the history of the Republic. The first began just over a century ago, in 1825, following the recovery from the Napoleonic wars, and the revival of world trade. A tide of settlers from the East rolled over the Appalachians to the fat lands of the Middle West. The first steam engines began to wheeze their way over cast-iron rails. For twelve ebullient years the curve went swinging upward, and ended with a dizzy nose dive in the panic of 1837.

This is the first of a series of seven articles by Stuart Chase on American prosperity. The underlying data for this study have been collected from many sources, two of which have been especially valuable: "Recent Economic Changes in the United States," and "Middletown," by Robert S. and Helen Merrell Lynd. The second article in Mr. Chase's series will appear in the next issue of The Nation.

Unshaven men, swirling sand around in tin pans, started the next upheaval. California gold, another great Western migration, new types of horse-driven plows and harvesters, thousands of miles of new railroad lines made the second great era of American prosperity. It was born in 1849 and expired, amid the noisy explosions of banks, in 1857—aged eight years.

Following the final liquidation of the Civil War, the third period got under way in 1879. American industry came out of the handicraft stage and turned definitely toward the machine. Another tidal wave of land occupation rolled to the Pacific. Through the "fat eighties" the band-wagon marched for fourteen proud years, the longest spasm yet, and then rushed down a steep place—and very steep it was—into the cold, salt sea of 1893.

Era number four began with more unshaven men, prospecting some thousands of miles north of the forty-niners. Alaskan gold began to flow in 1898; the old-line trusts began to swell; electric power began to extend its copper tentacles; machines whirled faster and faster. Anon the Secretary of the Treasury—who obviously knew his business cycles—began to pray, and the nine-year party was over. A national morning-after headache was not the least of Mr. Taft's perplexities as he entered the White House.

Four prosperity eras—twelve years, eight years, fourteen years, nine years—a total of forty-three years out of roughly a century; an average duration of eleven years. Before we exhaust all our adjectives on the unheard-of brilliance of the present period, it is well to remember that it is number five, and has run, with minor ups and downs, just eight years. Based on the average of the past it has three more years to go before the tail spin. But I do not advise my readers to buy or sell stocks on the strength of this calculation, though, as we shall see, period five, while a close relative of the other four, is something in the nature of a biological sport. It does not run altogether true to form at several points, while in size and ramifications it is out of all proportion to the others.

America recovered from the depression of 1915 quickly owing primarily to war orders. Nineteen-sixteen was a very prosperous year. Nineteen-seventeen and 1918 were years of hectic economic activity with huge profits, heavy taxes, plenty of employment, terrific waste, and with wage rates sagging behind the cost of living. We were far from impoverished by the war, but our economic progress was not rapid. The national income per capita was the same in 1918 as in 1913. In 1919, the dollar-a-year men packed their brief-cases and took lower berths for home, shouting "business as usual" as they went. The government, unfailingly polite to business men, scrapped its economic controls, restored the railroads, took its hand from prices and profits. Prices promptly jumped, business boomed, exports flowed into the European vacuum, war-time economy was thrown to the winds, the Stock Exchange assumed the momentum of a Derby winner. But physical production—that lump of reality at the heart of the gaudy pecuniary structure—was not so good. It dropped 10 per cent below 1918.

In May, 1920, the brick-bats began to fly. Wholesale prices suddenly collapsed, catching untold manufacturers and merchants whose inventory groaned with high-priced raw and finished stocks. A good old '93-model panic was prevented only because exports and retail trade kept up for a time, and because the Federal Reserve system got its new pull motors into the banks. In 1921 retail business and export trade headed determinedly downhill, with streams of unemployed in their wake. Corporation profits fell from eight billions in 1919 to less than a billion in 1921, more than half of all companies going into the red. Commercial failures jumped from 6,500 to 19,700, and gross liabilities from 113 million to 627 million. Flat on our industrial face we were. But Europe was still flatter. Our credit structure, particularly by virtue of the Federal Reserve system, was better organized than it was in 1893 and 1907; the Republic was physically intact, with a huge domestic market and with a running start for whatever foreign trade there was.

Inventories were painfully, but on the whole successfully, liquidated. (The disastrous days of May, 1920, were

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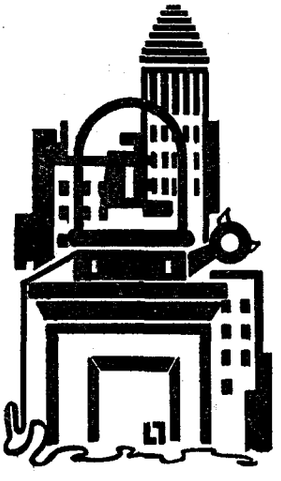
committed to memory in an unprecedented era—that still obtains—of "hand-to-mouth buying.") In 1922 came a revival; in 1923 prosperity—Act V was in full swing. The next year witnessed a mild depression, with a revival in 1925 and in 1926. Nineteen twenty-seven saw a slight contraction, but 1928 was good, and 1929 thus far has been a prosperous business year. Mr. Babson's index registers 7 per cent above normal, while net earnings of corporations are some 40 per cent above the same period in 1928. Which brings us down to date. We are now in the eighth year of prosperity as commercially and commonly defined. It is time to look a little more carefully at what this accepted phrase really means; particularly what it means to the wayfaring man.

We will begin by presenting a typical chant from the programs of the Prosperity Chorus in the form of a full-page advertisement in the New York *Times* for May 7, 1929, paid for by the *True Story Magazine*.

> America's Greatest Discovery Was—
>
> That a millionaire cannot wear 10,000 pairs of $10 shoes. But a hundred thousand others can if they've got the $10 to pay for them, and the leisure to show them off.
>
> This discovery was made less than ten years ago. But it has been responsible in these ten years for a greater measure of the success of American business than any other factor.
>
> That Labor must have both the leisure and the money to buy all the things that it helps to make.
>
> You Business Executives sitting at your desks, you have been making a fairy tale come true. Within ten years you have done more toward the sum total of human happiness than has ever been done before in all the centuries of historical time.
>
> *Jumped into the car—Went down to the Store—Got tickets for the show—Didn't recognize the room when he came in—Didn't know me in my new suit—*
>
> When you take the underlay of these True Stories today you can scarcely believe that this is the same great spread of human beings whose stories were little more than a cry of common wants and pinching miseries less than ten years ago.



The perfervid editors of *True Story Magazine* may possibly have their eye more on selling space to manufacturers than on the truest of true stories; but their refrain can be heard at any moment, anywhere. Furthermore, they claim that the shift from tales of misery to tales of new cars and furniture and suits on the part of contributors is borne out by "hundreds of thousands of personal human documents," i.e., the confession manuscripts which come into their sanctum—inner or outer as the case may be.

Next, a sample from the other camp. Mrs. Daisy Worthington Worcester, lecturer at the University of California, on June 28, 1929, had this to say—and much more in the same vein—to the National Conference on Social Work at San Francisco:

> This myth of prosperity, if believed, will lead to inevitable catastrophe. America's prosperity is for only 24 per cent of the people, and this percentage owns all the wealth of this country. . . . In the time this excess has been accumulating, public charities have increased their expenditures 132 per cent.

James Truslow Adams, one of our soundest historians, also begs leave to differ in his recent book on business civilization:

> There is no rest from the effort to make money in ever larger and larger amounts. There is no prospect of comfortable retirement in old age. For many who never thought of it in the old days there is the ever-present specter of illness and incapacity. Our prosperity can be maintained only by making people want more, and work more, all the time. Those, and they are many, who believe that our recent prosperity has been mainly caused by the phenomenal expansion of the automobile business, tell us that it will soon be necessary to find some other article which will similarly take the public fancy and create billions in sales—and billions of expense to men already tired of doing nothing but meeting new expenses.

While the unanimity as to the fact of prosperity from the business standpoint is overpowering—even Mr. Adams admits it—the consensus from the human standpoint is by no means so deafening. It is evident that the phenomenon needs careful analysis. What is prosperity? I can see at least four tenable definitions.

First, the commercial or business meaning, by far the commonest, which measures prosperity in terms of corporate profits, stock-market quotations, bank clearings, volume of trade, price levels, export business, commercial failures, and, to a lesser degree, in physical production of goods, wage levels, volume of unemployment, national income per capita. As we shall see, prosperity calculated in these terms is by and large a provable fact—with certain large and mysterious exceptions, such as the failure of wholesale prices to rise as in all former periods, and the strange presence of a large number of bankruptcies.

Second, prosperity may be defined in terms of the distribution of material goods and services to the ultimate consumer. The commercial definition assumes this, but analysis discloses many periods of booming business—such as 1919—when the flow of tangible goods was actually declining. This definition is more human than the first, in that it casts a general glance in the direction of the material well-being of the consumer, but it does not say much about the value of the goods or their net effect on health, happiness, and habits. As we shall see, prosperity measured in gross output of goods is undoubtedly a fact since 1922, but the net increase in tonnage is small compared with the tremendous increase in variety. We are using more new things—motor cars, electric appliances, radios, cosmetics—and less by weight per capita of the old staples—coal, cotton, meat, wool, grain.

Third, prosperity may be defined as an economic condition in which even if business does not particularly boom, or the distribution of tangible goods seem particularly lavish, the average citizen enjoys security and a modicum of leisure. It registers an end to the economic fear of old age, sickness, unemployment, accident, dependency; and time to turn around as one labors, contemplate the sun, the stars, and

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the meaning of life; time to dance and to play, to eat, drink, and make merry. Certain former cultures—one calls to mind the Inca Empire—rejoiced in this sort of prosperity. There was a paucity of bath-tubs and out-board motor boats, to be sure, but there was enough to eat, little worry as to the future, leisure in which to savor life. We shall see how our present prosperity, measured in such terms, is marking time compared with a generation ago, if not positively losing ground.

Fourth and last, we might define prosperity as the life more abundant, an alliance of definitions two and three—compounding security and leisure with a wide variety of useful and beautiful material things, and above all an atmosphere in which the creative arts flourish, great projects are undertaken, temples rise, great poets sing, and man climbs one step nearer to his remorseless destiny. The people of Peru were prosperous and happy after their fashion, but the great mass of them never rose above the level of reasonably primitive satisfactions. Art, learning, philosophy were for the few. In the definition here contemplated, such things are for the many. How many? Say at least a percentage equal to the ratio of free citizens to the total population of Athens in the days of Pericles—something in the nature of one person out of three. As we shall see, only a few examples which conform to this last and most rigorous definition are to be found in the America of 1929.

The Prosperity Chorus will doubtless be annoyed at my references to Peru and Greece as yardsticks. Why, it will ask, broaden the definition of prosperity beyond its accepted and current business meaning? Because this is precisely what the Prosperity Chorus does itself. Not content with the bare statistics of pig-iron production, bank clearings, and foreign trade, it assumes blandly, invariably, and uncritically that *therefore* the average man is happier, the social life is richer, the level of civilization is steadily ascending.

Now these are precisely the assumptions which need the most critical examination. We all can agree on pig iron and bank clearings, and even upon telephones per capita. But we cannot allow the optimists to claim that these things automatically insure the good life. They may be right, but they have never adequately proved their case. Indeed, it would tax the resources of psychology, anthropology, and history to prove it.

I shall try to be more modest and more limited in my discussion of prosperity than the financial editors, but if I stray occasionally into wider fields, it is because they have first dared me to enter. The sod is already torn with the marks of their boots.

Madness in Marion

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Marion, North Carolina, October 7

TWO men are intimately connected with the killing of striking workers in Marion, North Carolina, during the early hours of October 2. One is R. W. Baldwin, president of the Marion Manufacturing Company; the other is Sheriff Oscar F. Adkins. Both of them are men who under ordinary conditions of life might have carried on indefinitely without serious trouble, but the strain of industrial warfare proved too much for them. On the afternoon of Tuesday, October 1, they lost their heads; and eighteen hours later three men were dead, three were so badly hurt that they have died since, and a score were wounded.

Mr. Baldwin is a little bald-headed, gray, nondescript man, who shuffles along rapidly, talking to himself. He has been a lifelong resident of Baltimore, where he still spends long week-ends. Among the newspapermen he is known for the following description of H. L. Mencken, Baltimore's best-known citizen: "Oh, Mencken, you mean the Communist editor of the *Republic?*" He presumably meant the *New Republic.* I talked with Mr. Baldwin at some length, not about the massacre, which he would not discuss, but mostly on the technique and the outlook of his industry. He did not know the difference between the Chamber of Commerce and the various manufacturers' associations. His description of the technical process in his mill made no sense. He volunteered the information that he could not possibly compete by raising wages 30 per cent and cutting hours of labor to 40 a week. No one ever asked him to do either. On the whole his speech was studded with curiously compact misinformation and a sort of complicated ignorance and irrelevance. A day after the killings he was interviewed by the press in his home. He said: "I understand sixty or seventy-five shots were fired in Wednesday's fight. If this is true, there are thirty or thirty-five of the bullets accounted for. I think the officers are damned good marksmen. If I ever organize an army they can have jobs with me. I read that the death of each soldier in the World War consumed more than five tons of lead. Here we have less than five pounds and these casualties. A good average, I call it." (Asheville *Citizen,* October 4, 1929.)

Sheriff Adkins has a round, adolescent, red-cheeked simpleton face. He is not very tall, but balloon-shaped. He is the typical fat boy. He sits in the courtroom accused of murder, watching the proceedings there with a smile of apparent indifference. Although he is still a cog in the local Democratic machine, the machine refused to indorse him in the recent primaries. He certainly impresses one as having no conception of the enormity of the crime of which he is accused. He offered to take me to some of the homes of the workers. "They had the best of everything before the trouble began, yessir," he remarked.

The Marion Manufacturing Company has a very bad reputation in the Southern mill industry. The average weekly earnings for 1928 in the North Carolina textile industry as a whole were $12.23. In the Baldwin plant they averaged a little less than $11 a week. Even the more skilled operators never attain more than $21 a week. The average number of workers in a family of from five to six is two.

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Some women in the Baldwin plant earned, before the strike on July 11, as little as $5 a week. The average workday, excepting Saturday, was twelve hours and twenty minutes, without time off for meals. There is a general impression that even under such conditions the workers are better off than they were before they came down from the hills. Sixteen years ago I made a study of the social conditions of Southern hill folks. I found almost exactly the same conditions last week in the East Marion mill village, with the sole exception that the dwellings have wooden instead of earthen floors. The physical conditions of life are, morally and humanly, almost indescribably degrading.

Three young men, all hill billies, put their heads together last April and decided "to find out how to get a union." Their names are Lawrence Hogan, Dan Elliott, and Roy Price. Hogan went to Elizabethton, where the rayon strike was going on, and met Alfred Hoffman, the Southern organizer for the United Textile Workers of America. Hoffman promised to help. Hogan returned to Marion and with Elliott and Price and others began to prepare the ground for unionization. Hogan has had more to do with keeping his people together than anyone else.

On July 10, Mr. Hoffman came to Marion to take charge of the situation. On July 11, the local committee of the workers presented to Mr. Baldwin a number of questions in writing, the most important of which were whether he would reduce the work shift to ten hours without a reduction of wages; whether he would take back twenty-two workers fired for union activity; and whether he was willing to meet a committee of his employees to take up grievances. The answer to all these questions was, No.

On July 11, the workers left the mills against the advice of Mr. Hoffman, who could not get the financial cooperation of his national union. The strike lasted exactly two months. The plant was shut down. Six hundred and fifty workers were out. The American Federation of Labor and its unions did almost nothing. A total of $7,000 raised from various sources was all the funds available to keep a community of about 2,500 persons going from July 11 to September 11. The atmosphere in Marion was extremely hostile toward the strike, and things in the Baldwin mill were complicated by a lockout which was declared on July 27 in the neighboring Clinchfield mills which reopened only on day shift on August 19 under the protection of the militia. All these things contributed to the collapse of the strike at the Baldwin mill. Alfred Hoffman, a young man in his early twenties, though he is a fair organizer, lacked the experience to carry on against such odds. Through the mediation of Judge N. A. Townsend, the personal representative of Governor Gardner, and L. L. Jenkins, an Asheville banker and cotton-mill owner, a "settlement" was finally reached. The settlement included both the Marion and the Clinchfield mills. It provided for a 55-hour week, at the same pay per hour and for piece work. It permitted Mr. Baldwin to refuse to reemploy fourteen of the most active strikers; and it provided that at the end of six weeks the workers were to be allowed to vote on the advisability of going back to the 60-hour week, which, incidentally, had never been kept in the Marion mill. In other words, the workers were allowed to ratify officially the loss of their strike six weeks after they lost it. The agreement was written in pencil on a piece of paper torn out of a notebook. It was unsigned by either side. It was really a verbal agreement relying on the good faith of Mr. Baldwin and on the influence of Judge Townsend upon him.

On September 23, Mr. Baldwin voluntarily raised wages 5 per cent, following the lead of President Hart of the Clinchfield mills. But immediately after the strike settlement, both Messrs. Baldwin and Hart began to discriminate against the more active union members. Mr. Baldwin refused to reinstate 102 workers.

The strike was lost, miserably and with vengeance. Unrest was especially rife in the Baldwin mill because of the muddle-headedness of all those among the management who had contacts with the workers, and because of the personal brutality of A. F. Hunt, the superintendent, and John Snoddey and Dave Jarrett, the foremen. Alfred Hoffman, discouraged by the non-cooperation of the American labor movement as a whole, had left town, and his place as the official organizer for the United Textile Workers of America was taken by John Peel, vice-president of the North Carolina State Federation of Labor.

Union strategy demanded another strike. Both Peel and Ross felt that the experience of Elizabethton, where the workers were let down after a similar "settlement," must not be repeated. They notified Mr. Baldwin that another strike would take place unless he lived up to the promise not to discriminate against union members beyond the fourteen originally named in the agreement. Francis J. Gorman, first vice-president of the United Textile Workers, came into Marion and advised the calling of a strike in case Mr. Baldwin should prove obdurate. Tom Tippett at an open meeting told the workers that they would have to strike once more unless their fellows were reinstated. The newspapers of North Carolina were full of the impending strike in the Baldwin mill. Mr. Baldwin's present claim that he had never expected the strike is sheer nonsense. Everybody expected a strike within the near future.

On September 27, Mr. Jenkins came from Asheville to Marion at the request of the union in an effort to see Mr. Baldwin. Mr. Jenkins had warned Mr. Baldwin previously that there would be a great deal of trouble unless he stopped discriminating against union people. Mr. Baldwin at the time was in Baltimore, and he wired Mr. Jenkins that he would return to Marion on Wednesday, October 2.

Peel, Ross, and Tippett told the workers they must stay on the job at least until Wednesday, when they expected to have a conference with Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Jenkins. But instead of returning on October 2, as he planned, Mr. Baldwin returned on Monday, September 30. He wired Mr. Jenkins in Asheville that he would look into the situation himself, thereby in effect breaking off all possible negotiations with the union leaders. On October 1, he got in touch with Sheriff Adkins and asked him and his deputies to come to the plant during the change of shifts. Adkins and a number of deputies, some of them notorious plug-uglies recently deputized during the strike, went into the plant about seven o'clock at night. The union leaders knew nothing of all this.

The deputies were heavily armed as were Superintendent Hunt, the foremen, and a number of the non-union workers. The sheriff and his deputies, according to eye-witnesses in the plant, drank heavily between eight o'clock in the evening and one in the morning. The scenes in the plant that

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night were a provocation to violence. The officers and the bosses were constantly daring the workers to quit. Around 1:30 a. m. one of the foremen approached young Luther Bryson, 22, one of the victims, and harangued him: "If you strike this time, you ———, we will shoot it out with you." The boy took the dare. He shut off part of the power and ran through the factory telling the workers to walk out.

For five long hours the people stood outside the gate waiting to notify the day shift. A few went home. But most of them milled around in front of the plant. The union leaders were not waked up. By 6:45 in the morning, the day shift was beginning to appear. The strikers from the night shift were augmented to a crowd of approximately 250, all pushing toward the gate and all trying to keep any workers from going in. For about an hour Adkins attempted to handle the situation, but about 7:30 he lost his temper and exploded some tear gas into the crowd, blinding the people in front of him. John Jonas, a lame man of sixty-seven, attacked the sheriff with his cane. While struggling with Jonas, a shot was fired by the deputy next to the sheriff and Jonas dropped to the ground. The crowd started to run, and the officers, as well as Superintendent Hunt and Foremen Snoddey, Jarrett, and Forest Smith, fired into the fleeing crowd. All the people killed and hurt were shot in the back. Only one of the attackers was wounded. None of the workers was armed.

The next day Sheriff Adkins and ten of his deputy sheriffs, some of whom were non-union workers who were deputized during the night of the trouble in the plant, A. F. Hunt, superintendent of the Baldwin mill, and the three foremen, John Snoddey, Dave Jarrett, and Forest Smith, were arrested. They were released on $2,000 bail furnished by Mr. Baldwin. The sheriff is still officially the chief police officer of MacDowell County. The sheriff countered by having thirty-six workers arrested on the charge of "insurrection" and "riot." The workers have been released on $500 bail each. Governor Gardner has sent in the militia, and has appointed Judge Harding as a committing magistrate to determine whether the men accused of murder should be turned over for trial. Judge Harding, a rather bored-looking man, listens to the testimony, and takes copious notes.*

On October 5, Francis J. Gorman, Sara Bernheim, of the Labor Bureau, Inc., Tom Tippett, Vice-Presidents Peel and Vicker, and Secretary Soule of the North Carolina Federation of Labor went to Raleigh to see Governor Gardner. They asked him to appoint a commission to investigate the character and the record of the deputies; to determine whether or not Mr. Baldwin had violated his agreement; and to make an investigation of the conditions and financial status of the Baldwin mill. There can be no doubt that Governor Gardner is deeply moved by the tragedy. He himself is a cotton-mill owner and the conditions in his plant are said to be the best in the South. He undoubtedly feels that the Baldwin type of employer is a menace to any community, but he stated that he had no authority to comply with the request of the labor delegation. It seems that under the present constitution of North Carolina he is powerless to protect his State.

* On October 11 Judge Harding released Sheriff Adkins, A. F. Hunt, Snoddey, and Smith. Jarrett and seven of the ten deputies were ordered held under bond of $3,000 each for trial on charges of second-degree murder.—Editor The Nation.

In the Driftway

A CORRESPONDENT has sent the Drifter a prayer which a clergyman of Columbus, Mississippi, is said to have delivered at the opening of a convention of the State press association:

> Eternal God, our Heavenly Father, we ask Thy blessings upon these newspaper people, who are wont to communicate with the ends of the earth. They are people who can smell a revolution in China; people who have license to enter the gates of Princes and Potentates, but who will have a mighty hard time getting inside the gates of Paradise.
>
> Have mercy, O Lord, upon these people who have to carry all kinds of things in the cause of their newspapers. Have mercy, O Lord, on these people who are invited to so many luncheons and banquets that they must sacrifice their digestion on the altar of free advertising.
>
> Have mercy, Lord, on these people who are chased by the Colonial Dames, W. C. T. U., Kiwanis, Rotary, and Chamber of Commerce. Have mercy on these people who have to hobnob alike with Jew and Gentile, white and black, Democrat and Republican, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian.
>
> Have mercy, O Lord, on these people and help them in their dash from ballroom to church social and back to rum-runners, and who have to associate with anybody from Andy Mellon to Andy Gump.
>
> Make this a good convention in Columbus. It is an easy matter to break into print, but how will some of them break into the Pearly Gates? We pray Thy blessings upon them, and when they have done with newspapers and stories and their careers are finished here, may they have a finer story from St. Peter than they ever had in newspapers here. And though it is so hard for newspaper men to get into the Kingdom, may they receive a warmer welcome in the new Jerusalem than they do in Columbus today.

* * * * *

THIS is only a slightly twisted example of the strange fact that getting out a newspaper or having a job on a newspaper is generally considered to be the most glamorous occupation on earth. As one who has known newspapers pretty well for years, the Drifter has never been able to account for this aberration. Jobs on a newspaper are exacting, troublesome, wearying, dull. Far from having the entrée to every sort of excitement, public or private, that takes place in the world, the reporter is often barred out or thrown out without a single peep inside; the special writer has to dig around in tons of uninteresting and unproductive material to get enough for a story; the world will not move, things will not happen, and the Boss is even crankier and more unreasonable than most bosses—and more of a little autocrat. If the skies fall the paper must go to press; once it gets to press it must be sold. No, working on a newspaper is not all fun, nor is it all desperate-rushing-to-make-the-edition-or-the-government-will-fall. To hear the roar of the presses is deceiving; there is in them a feeling of power and speed which the words they are printing belie. The newspaper factory is like any other factory: it has to run smoothly, quickly, efficiently. But all too often the job of the individual worker is just a job.

THE DRIFTER

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Our Readers and the Palestine Crisis

British Pledges

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I was surprised and not a little horrified to read in your issue of September 11 an article entitled "Lands of the Arabs." Your remarks are full of statements and conclusions therefrom which were shown some years ago to be inaccurate.

It is untrue to state that Britain in 1915 formally recognized the Arab title to Palestine. Sir Henry McMahon, who in 1915 wrote to King Hussein the document on which the Arabs now claim their rights to Palestine, has himself placed on record the fact that in this statement it was his intention to exclude Palestine from an independent Arabia. Moreover he stated that he never at that time heard anything from King Hussein that would lead him to believe that King Hussein himself was laboring under a misapprehension on this score.

The then Colonial Secretary said in the House of Commons on July 11, 1922:

> No pledges were made to the Palestinian Arabs in 1915. An undertaking was given to the Sherif of Mecca that His Majesty's Government would acknowledge and support the independence of the Arabs within certain territorial limits. . . . It was stipulated that the undertaking applied only to those portions of the territory concerned in which Great Britain was free to act. . . .
>
> His Majesty's Government have always regarded and continue to regard Palestine as excluded by these provisos from the scope of their undertaking. This is clear from the fact that in the following year they concluded an agreement with the French and Russian governments under which Palestine was to receive special treatment.

It will be seen from the above that the British Government did not "shamelessly flout pledges given to the Arabs"; nor yet were the British led into "a career of perfidy."

Jerusalem, September 20 Edward G. Joseph

[The full text of the correspondence between Sir Henry McMahon and the Sherif of Mecca has never been published, but it is known that in July, 1915, Hussein formally asked Great Britain to recognize the potential sovereign independence of all the Arabs of Asia from the Indian Ocean north and from the Mediterranean to Persia. Britain's reply temporized. Hussein repeated his demands, and in November, 1915, Britain recognized the Arab title to virtually all the territory mentioned, subject only to vague reservations which to the British mind may have included Palestine but certainly were not explicit about it. Hussein repeated his claim again, explicitly including Palestine, and he began his revolt with no knowledge of the Sykes-Picot agreement with France or of any commitment to the Jews. (See Temperley's semi-official "History of the Peace Conference of Paris," London, 1924, volume 6, Parts 1 and 3.) Of course, no pledges were made to the *Palestinian* Arabs, but they knew of the pledges to Hussein and were bitterly disillusioned when they proved hypocritical.—Editor The Nation.]

A Critic of Zionism

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to utter a few words of commendation on your fair and just summing up of the Palestine situation. I have visited the country on several occasions during the last few years. I have had abundant opportunity of observing closely the life of the Jews and the Arabs.

The Jews have undoubtedly brought many blessings to the country in the form of improved sanitation, better economic conditions, and a higher standard of living. Much of the progress must in justice be attributed to the superiority of British over Turkish methods of administration.

The Arabs were friendly toward the Jewish colonies that started forty years ago. Original settlers had no political ax to grind, they employed Arab labor, and mingled with the Arabs as neighbors. With the spread of Zionist propaganda the situation underwent a serious change. The Zionist immigrants placed a heavy ban on the employment of Arab labor. Cases occurred where Jewish farmers were boycotted and ostracized for finding themselves obliged to employ the cheaper and frequently more efficient Arab agricultural help. Farming in Palestine is an arduous and unprofitable business. The Arab can make a go of it because of his lower standard of living and because he is inured to the semi-tropical climate. Practically all of the Zionist colonies are run at a heavy deficit which is covered by American contributions. The private non-subsidized farmers must employ Arabs in order to exist. It is not a question of exploitation but of bare existence.

The attitude of the Zionists has become well known to the Arabs and has embittered them. Added to that is the lack of tact and grace on the part of Zionist orators and writers in and out of Palestine. Their slogan is "one language, one land, one people," ignoring the large majority of Arabs with their many centuries in Palestine, with their marvelous language and their cultural past. Palestine might and could offer a home to hundreds of thousands of Jews from Eastern Europe who by their energy and enterprise would be a blessing to their Arab neighbors and to the entire Near East. But the constant reiteration by the Zionists that the Jews must become the majority in the country in order to impose their rule on the Arabs, besides being economically and biologically impossible goes contrary to all the basic principles of the treatment of oppressed nationalities. This, of course, is not a justification of the recent horrible atrocities

The solution of the problem, in my judgment, consists in the cultivation of friendly relations and common civic interests between the Jews and Arabs, both elements cooperating in the development of a literate, intelligent population able ultimately to emerge from the control of the mandatory Power and to govern itself as a democratic commonwealth.

New York, September 13 Arthur Bennett

Jewish Freedom

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The tone of the editorial entitled Lands of the Arabs in your issue of September 11 seems to make many of us feel that *The Nation* is beginning to distinguish between different kinds of imperialism. Is an Arabian imperialism more justifiable than any other? Why become solicitous about the Arabs in Palestine and forgetful of the rights of the Jews?

Palestine was the national home of the Jews as Arabia is the national home of the Arabs. Palestine is not a part of Arabia. In size it is but one one-hundred-and-seventieth part of the total area inhabited by Arabic-speaking populations. Some Arabs have sojourned in Palestine for many centuries—

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that is an undeniable claim—but their population has never been higher than 750,000, and 75 per cent of the arable land, which could support at least four to five millions, still lies desolate. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that there has never been a time when some Jews did not live in Palestine since their dispersion. Though conquered, Jews never yielded their claim to a return to the land where they had developed their nationhood, religion, and culture. Palestine would not have attained its historical significance without the Jews, and the Jews would not now be existent but for the ever-present, predominating idea of a return to their land.

Just as the rights and power of the forty millions of Arabs throughout their vast domains cannot be brushed aside, just so cannot the rights and power of the fifteen millions of Jews throughout the world. We are rooted as deeply as they are. We will to live on as they do and no one through the centuries has yet been able to crush us. When in the course of time it becomes feasible to do away with the barriers which separate peoples and nations, then Jews shall be found doing their full share as they have in other movements of emancipation. Until such a time does come, because of what we have done, and what we are now, and what we want to do for mankind, it is our inalienable right to seek free development and self-expression in the little, old land of Israel which must be the cultural and spiritual center of gravity of our people scattered throughout the world. The world has recognized our claim and has pledged itself to it. We, in turn, pledge ourselves to the working out of our destiny in Palestine peacefully, with dignity, and with the utmost consideration of the rights of all others concerned.

Boston, Mass., October 9 HYMAN MORRISON

The Intelligent Minority

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: According to newspaper reports the Arabs blamed the Jews for the riots. But Arab leaders and defenders have openly stated that Palestine is bleeding because the Arabs want to retain their majority. Such confession ought to spare the Inquiry Commission much hard labor.

Mr. Klein, who quotes Dr. Samne at length, should agree that the majority is not always right and does not always rule. Millions of natives have lived in Africa, and Africa has been divided among European nations. Similarly, millions live in India and England rules. Only a few hundred Americans live in the Philippine Islands and they rule.

Palestine belonged to Turkey, which joined Germany. With the help of Arabs and Jews, England conquered Palestine. Some English officers may have promised it to the Arabs, but that promise was verbal and unofficial. To the Jews England made a written declaration which was sanctioned by all nations.

Dr. Samne's argument about the Indian's return to America is irrelevant because the Indian is dead and America has been a free nation for 150 years. But should some Indians return and buy here marshy ground for heavy gold, drain it, till it, and establish themselves on it, would Dr. Samne advise that their homes should be demolished and that they should be thrown into the fire?

In spite of promises and approvals, the Jew paid heavy gold for marshy ground infested with malaria. The Arab took the money. The Jew drained the marshes, tilled the land, built schools, homes, and hospitals from which the entire population benefited. What the Arab has done is widely known. The Arab takes the money and kills.

Newark, N. J., September 25 ALEX ARMANT

Protest

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The policy of serving the truth, earnestly pursued by your magazine and therefore earning the support of liberal minds everywhere, has suffered a sad relapse in the matter of the Palestinian massacres.

Your editorial writers seem to overlook the glaring fact that in Palestine it is not merely a question of 100,000 Jews out of a total of 800,000 with 700,000 Arabs, but that behind the 100,000 Jews stand clamoring for a homeland the despondent millions of Jews scattered homeless, soil-less in Poland, Rumania, and Hungary as well as sections of Ukrainia. By what criterion of justice do your editorial writers or Arab patriots contend that Arabs have a greater right to the earth than we Jews, especially as there are already many states other than Palestine that the Arabs inhabit? Was there anything but force that enabled them to secure a foothold upon these lands? Is past Arab conquest to be justified by the fact of possession, and is the charge of imperialism to be raised against Jews in their desire for rehabilitation?

We Jews as a people refuse to be made international or to assimilate by means of humiliation, insult, ridicule, contempt, and indignity just as much as by the threat of force. As long as either of these mental or bodily compulsions exists among nations as instruments to make us international, we shall seek a homeland so that at a distant future we may in the fulness and freedom of spirit and not by duress call all men our brothers.

New York, September 25 HERMAN SCHLOSSMAN

The Nation *Radio Hour on Station WMCA will be suspended until after the municipal election.*

Contributors to This Issue

SCOTT BUCHANAN, author of "Poetry and Mathematics," is associate professor of philosophy at the University of Virginia.

STUART CHASE is author of "Men and Machines" and co-author of "Your Money's Worth." The present series is to be published, with additional material, as a Boni Paper Book, in December.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG, a writer on economic and other subjects for current periodicals, has just returned from Marion.

DAVID MORTON is professor of English at Amherst College.

WILLIAM MACDONALD is a regular contributor of historical and political reviews to *The Nation.*

FLORENCE CODMAN is a regular contributor of reviews to *The Nation.*

GRANVILLE HICKS frequently reviews books for *The Nation.*

WALTER KIEN, on the staff of New York University, is an authority on German and Scandivanian literature.

BEULAH AMIDON is associate editor of the *Survey.*

LAURENCE ADLER was in charge of the music department of the "floating university."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is dramatic editor of *The Nation.*

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Books, Music, and Drama

Wood Moment

By DAVID MORTON

We shall have little enough to keep, we two,
Out of this moment that is passing, now:
A little memory how the light came through
In such frail patterns as the woods allow,
And how no wind nor any sound was here
To break this spell of silence that has seemed
Part of a stranger spell that holds you near
A little while—like something that I dreamed.

Little enough—the rest will soon go by,
Pitiful speech that found no word to say
Beyond the language of a glance or sigh;
Only, some year, some fine and careless day,
I shall stop suddenly, seeing the way
Of woods with sunlight—how the patterns lie.

The World of Men and Things

The Encyclopaedia Britannica. A New Survey of Universal Knowledge. Fourteenth edition. Twenty-four volumes. Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc. $129.50 and upward.

IT is a far cry from 1768, when the first edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" began to appear in six-penny numbers, to the present year of grace which sees the publication of the fourteenth edition in twenty-four stout and handsome volumes, revised and largely rewritten from beginning to end. Lovers of statistics will doubtless be glad to know that this is the first thoroughgoing revision since the eleventh edition of 1910, the twelfth and thirteenth having been made by adding supplements; that the volumes contain about a thousand pages each, with a total of some 35,000,000 words besides 15,000 illustrations and 500 maps; that the number of separate headings is about 45,000, compared with 37,000 in the eleventh edition; and that the work represents the cooperative labors of "more than 3,500 of the world's foremost authorities" over a period of nearly three years. To this it may be added that the thin India paper of the eleventh edition, which in practice proved rather unmanageable, has been replaced by a paper of greater firmness but only a trifle greater weight; that cross references are abundant, and that the index is a monument of detailed analysis. The volumes are good to look at, convenient to handle, and easy to use.

What the book-buying public and others who will use the work will want most to know, however, is wherein, if at all, the newest "Britannica" differs from its predecessors, the kind and quality of the new matter that it contains, and whether it is likely to be as useful to American readers as it presumably will be to British. It is this last point that may best be considered first.

The work has had two editors. The editor in chief, J. L. Garvin, is widely known not only as the editor of the London *Observer* but also as one of the foremost advocates of that good understanding between the English-speaking peoples which has called out much effort since the World War. On this subject Mr. Garvin has thought it proper to reassert in his introduction his conviction "that without true assured political harmony of the English-speaking peoples, no confident belief in the future of any civilized hope can be entertained." The American editor is Franklin H. Hooper, for thirty years associated with the "Britannica" and one of the editors of the "Century Dictionary." Between them they have undertaken, in Mr. Hooper's words, to make this new edition "for the English-speaking people everywhere—and particularly for those whom Lincoln called the plain people." As there are, according to Mr. Garvin's estimate, some 200,000,000 or so of these English-speaking people, considerably more than half of them in the United States, the needs and tastes of the American public have obviously been kept in mind throughout. The new "Britannica," in fact, is redolent of America from A to Z. Its dedication to President Hoover and King George V, on the other hand, symbolizes a purpose and an achievement which, whatever their other merits, constitute an intellectual *tour de force* in behalf of Anglo-American fraternity. The two editors have been aided by an editorial board of upwards of fifty persons, chosen from among distinguished authorities in the two countries. The American group appears to have been responsible for the articles dealing with the United States, but mathematics, architecture, art, electrical industries, and various other subjects have also fallen to American hands.

Nobody but an editor, a god, or the lamented Louis Heilprin should be expected to know enough to evaluate an encyclopedia in all its parts, and criticism or appraisal has of necessity to be limited to generalities and a few particulars chosen somewhat at random. Broadly speaking, the makers of the new "Britannica" have cut out a good deal of dead wood and replaced it with fresh material. The earlier editions were largely built up around a series of leading articles written by scholars who in their day stood in the front ranks of authority, and notable for thoroughness, comprehensiveness, and in some cases an exceptionally attractive literary form. Time has displaced a good deal of what once was learning, however, and a new history, a new science, a new economics, and a whole handful of new philosophies and sociologies have taken its place.

One of the results, as far as the new "Britannica" is concerned, is the disappearance altogether of a number of distinguished names, and the retention of others with more or less extensive alteration of what they originally wrote. The famous articles by John Addington Symonds on the Renaissance, Italy, and Machiavelli, for example, are retained, as are Macaulay's articles on Bunyan, Goldsmith, and Samuel Johnson, Viscount Bryce's account of Justinian, a number of articles by Saintsbury, and others by Swinburne and John Morley; but a number of these, with others of the same general measure of importance, have been supplemented or corrected by other hands. Not a few writers whose names, in the earlier edition, were appended to elaborate articles of a general nature are responsible in the present revision for shorter articles dealing with special phases of the same general subject.

The most obvious characteristic of the new "Britannica," however, is its modernity. No encyclopedia, however lavishly equipped with editors and paraphernalia, can ever hope to be quite up to the minute, for men will die, or resign, or be promoted or demoted, and things are not always today quite what they seemed to be yesterday; but the "Britannica" comes as near to being up to date as any reasonable standard can demand. Not only have old articles been replaced or revamped, but a portentous array of new subjects indicative of the expanding fields of human thought and action has been introduced. New discoveries or inventions, new developments in industry and commerce, and new activities in education, medi-

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cine, drama, social science, or agriculture account, naturally, for most of this new material. Whether one begins with agriculture and jumps to women and their ways, or wanders back and forth along the alphabetical highway to glance at architecture, art and music, astronomy, aviation, biology, engineering, exploration, insurance, banking, labor, law, health, the movies and the theater, children and the family, physics, chemistry, radio, religion, sports and games, trade and commerce, or war and peace, the latest thing is pretty likely to be found.

Hardly any one of these topics, on the other hand, is treated as a whole in any one place. The farmer or politician who is moved to "book up" on agriculture will find a general article on that subject followed by references to a long list of other articles dealing with particular aspects of farm life. There are sixteen different articles on insurance, together with the suggestion that you will not have covered the whole ground until you have also read nine other articles on pensions and seven on annuities. What is said in general about the World War must be completed by looking up the articles about the different countries involved. Wherever, in short, a subject was susceptible of dissection the editors appear to have followed the practice of giving first a compact general view, and then cutting up and distributing the detachable parts. The method keeps one traveling, but it may very well prove to be quite as useful for the average reader as any other, and even if the proper rubric does not come to mind at once there are abundant cross references to help one out. The method has its disadvantages where a controverted subject of varied bearings is concerned. A rather striking illustration of this is afforded by the treatment of the question of war guilt, where after three articles by as many writers have been consulted it appears that the question is still open.

For the accuracy, appropriateness, and sufficiency of what is offered, whether the subjects be new or accustomed, the standing of the writer or of the responsible editor of the department of knowledge in question must be, of course, the reader's reliance. What a scholar like Isaiah Bowman says or allows to be said about geography, or John Dewey about philosophy, or Professor Eddington about astronomy, or Roscoe Pound about law, or Professor Einstein about space-time carries with it its own credentials. Dean Inge certainly knows his Plotinus, G. K. Chesterton his Dickens, Max Reinhardt the theater, and Roy C. Andrews the conditions of Mongolian exploration. Probably it is just as well that the industrial establishments and other business enterprises of which account is taken should be described by persons connected with them. The case is less clear with writers, chiefly American, whose selection has manifestly been due at least as much to their prominence in the public eye, and hence to their value for advertising purposes, as to their temper or scholarly attainments. There will be many to doubt that Charles E. Hughes was altogether the best person to write about the Monroe Doctrine, or that G. B. Shaw is the best contemporary authority on socialism, or that former Secretary Kellogg is preeminently qualified to expound the outlawry of war. The latter rubric, by the way, is the one to turn to for information about pacifism, notwithstanding that the two subjects are not the same.

Every editor of an encyclopedia has to handle prickly subjects, and a regime of formal ascriptions sometimes leads to curious consequences. The treatment of Christian Science is, as everybody knows, a perennial test of editorial omnipotence, and at this point the "Britannica" conspicuously plays safe. There are two articles on the subject: one under the rubric "Christian Science," the other a biographical sketch of Mrs. Eddy. Both are written by Clifford P. Smith of the Boston "mother church," but neither gives the least hint of the controversies that have rent the sect; neither mentions Mrs. Stetson nor does her name appear elsewhere; there are no statistics of membership, and the only authority cited, besides the writings of Mrs. Eddy, is the strictly orthodox "Life" of Mrs. Eddy by Sibyl Warner. Irishmen, in their turn, may wonder grimly whether it was design, humor, or editorial inadvertence that introduces Edmund Burke, who was born in Ireland, as a "British statesman and political writer"; Robert O'Hara Burke, who was also born in Ireland, as an "Australian explorer," and William Burke, who was born in Ireland and hanged at Edinburgh, as an "Irish criminal."

Taken as a whole, however, the great task of revision appears to have been extraordinarily well done. Only personal preference or prejudice will make much point of the proportionate length of this or that article, or the choice of writers for particular subjects, or the necessarily arbitrary selection of the living persons to be signalized by inclusion. The new "Britannica" is a monument of learning and editorial competence. If something of the finer flavor of culture which characterized the earlier editions is lacking in this one, and what is offered bears often, in unaccustomed clearness, the stamp of practicality, it is because a new age is upon us and efficiency has taken culture in hand.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Two Literary Generations

Hans Frost. By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Chapter the Last. By Knut Hamsun. Translated from the Norwegian by Arthur G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

The Man Within. By Graham Greene. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Walpole's style could be greatly improved and Mr. Hamsun's plot enlivened, both are content in their latest works to add numerically to the sum of their achievements without either increasing or decreasing their reputations. Mr. Greene, on the other hand, offers a first novel that is so surprisingly adroit that one wonders what developments he has left for himself for the future. The older men furbish up the problem-motif, the Norwegian's result, as is to be expected, having by far the finer workmanship. The younger Englishman boldly essays the more difficult and remote theme of cowardice and produces a book that may well be the envy of both his elders. His popularity should equal theirs.

The author of "The Duchess of Wrexe" has always been a smart writer. His plots, his characterizations, and his style have been bright but superficial. In attaining a long and varied list of titles he has developed an efficient technique for a certain kind of novel. That the kind is second-rate is not to Mr. Walpole's discredit; the regrettable thing is that it isn't better second-rate. The weak spot is his style, his way of writing. Incidents, settings, characters, along the line they follow are well realized, but those over-weighted images and under-weighted adjectives, those irrelevant contrasts and those hodge-podges of generalizations, intimate parentheses and images all in one sentence are inexcusable. And can Mr. Walpole believe that the mention of common, unpleasant things stamps his efforts as akin to Mr. Joyce's, or that his work becomes thereby more up-to-date? "Hans Frost" represents every one of Mr. Walpole's virtues and errors. With its clever delineations and its mildly provocative situations it is easy, pleasant reading provided one is not annoyed by poor writing and comic-strip Russians.

Mr. Hamsun has written more interesting books but he has not done any better writing than "Chapter the Last."

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His prose is balanced and supple, firm enough to support deep tragedy, pliant enough to make effective satire. His is a simple descriptive style; the ornaments it has of images, sensuousness, and feeling occur rarely and they gain in value by their scarcity. The quiet, unobtrusive use of detail, the thoroughness with which trivialities are made to occupy a definite place in the structure of the plot are admirable. If such items appear to be unnecessary accessories in the first part of "Chapter the Last" it is because the reader is not so patient as the writer. What seems in the beginning to be a slightly grotesque picture of the inmates of a sanitarium grows slowly but surely into a tragedy, none the less acute because of the humor surrounding it. In fact his humor, his sense of proportion, is Mr. Hamsun's saving grace; it gives life to the pages of what otherwise would be a worthy but dull book.

"The Man Within" is nearer drama than fiction and closer to poetry than prose. Pure emotions being less tangible than deeds, a book concerned entirely with conflicts between hate and fear, despair and love must seek an unusual rhythm to be successful. Mr. Greene not only succeeds in establishing his own style but by means of that style he creates an extraordinary lyric phantasm. As a study of a man of inherent moral weakness, of a coward and an unredeemed sinner whose one noble gesture occurs too late to be chastened of its futility, the interpretation is flawless. Moreover it is tense with mental mysteries and physical excitements, and it is expressed in language of rare purity, fluency, and richness, in a manner that is strikingly original, forceful, and graceful. It is a perfect adventure story of psychological treasure. One worries only lest the author may have burned himself out in one trial.

FLORENCE CODMAN

Religion

The Story of Religion. By Charles Francis Potter. Simon and Schuster. $5.

The Story of Religious Controversy. By Joseph McCabe. The Stratford Company. $5.

The History of Christianity in the Light of Modern Knowledge. By Various Authors. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $6.50.

DR. POTTER'S "Story of Religion" reaches what is in all probability the lowest point thus far achieved in the labors of the outliners. The method chosen, that of recording the history of religion in "the lives of its leaders," is as bad a method as ingenuity could devise. We have almost no authentic material about the lives of any of the great founders of religion, and what knowledge we have bears little relation to their teachings. As a result Dr. Potter, in order to secure the color and interest which the biographical treatment is supposed to give, has to draw largely on myth and imagination. Page after page of what he writes is, as he admits, largely or entirely unhistorical, and even if all the yarns he tells were all true they would add but scantily to our enlightenment.

The method is enough to condemn the book, but it is by no means the only fault. The material, which is accurate enough for a popularization, is treated uncritically and with no suggestion of fresh insight or imaginative grasp. Moreover the style, which is supposed to be readable, entertaining, and all the rest, is frequently both cheap and childish. When he tries to do something light and amusing, Dr. Potter achieves such a sentence as this: "David had so many wives and concubines that there was quite a scramble for the kingship even before his death." When he is being serious-minded he writes, making the sentence a whole paragraph to emphasize its wisdom: "Every great religious leader has come forth with a message after a long period of meditation in a lonely place." Even when it is least objectionable the book is peculiarly arid in its commonplaceness. It is hard to imagine what Dr. Potter expected to teach by it, or what elements in the population he believed such a book would instruct.

Dr. Potter's real success is in deflating religion; at his hands it becomes something dull and trivial. One feels about this volume, as one feels about Bruce Barton's books, that if an agnostic were to treat religion in so shoddy a manner the hosts of Christendom would rise to smite him.

But agnostics are, as a rule, much better informed and far less flippant, as Dr. McCabe's "Story of Religious Controversy" shows. This book has the faults of its genre, especially a naivete displayed both in its bitterness toward religion and in its optimism about science. It also has certain faults of its own: considerable repetitiousness, partly due to its having been compiled from a series of the Haldeman-Julius blue books, a trick of referring to almost any eminent man as "my friend," a habit of catering to sex curiosity by allusions to the "unmentionable" elements in religion, and a forensic style that in time becomes monotonous. But it would be difficult to find in the book a single sentence as cheaply irreverent as dozens in Potter. It is true that McCabe refers to Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn as "the self-constituted loud speaker of American science," but that, even to a good Christian, ought to seem less blasphemous than calling Jeremiah a publicity expert and Paul a sadist.

What McCabe has done in this series of essays—for the book is not really a connected account—is to discuss certain theological problems, present the usual critical views of the Bible, describe the abuses that existed in the Middle Ages, display the virtues of paganism, and state the case for materialism. Most of his facts are incontrovertible, and it can do no harm to have them disseminated. Nevertheless, his approach seems old-fashioned and singularly unfruitful, for he is providing ammunition for a battle rather than resources for an effort toward understanding. One detects the same type of special pleading that one finds in works of Christian apologetics, and one turns from it with the same boredom.

"The History of Christianity," though it is uneven as all cooperative works must be, gives as clear a statement of what research has accomplished as is now available. There is only a little piety in the book, and there is much admirably objective scholarship. The chapters on the Middle Ages and the Reformation are necessarily sketchy, but the sections devoted to early Christianity are full and satisfying. Burkitt's chapter on the life of Jesus is not only one of the best chapters in the volume but also one of the clearest and least muddled treatments of the subject that can be found.

Despite, however, the real excellence of this volume, it raises its own questions. The book, though objective and sound, represents the more conservative wing of modern scholarship. It comes very close, nevertheless, to undermining historic Christianity. When one has been told that Jesus took his ethics almost altogether from Judaism, that the main driving force in Jesus's life was a delusion as to the end of the world, and that the Pauline message made its appeal because Christianity seemed to be a mystery cult offering salvation; and when, moreover, one has read Bishop Temple's chapter on Christianity and Social Reform and has observed the total inadequacy of his program, one has difficulty in seeing what connection there can be between historic Christianity and modern life. And yet most, if not all, of the contributors are professed Christians of more or less orthodox sects. Men who can so successfully keep their scholarship and their dogmas in separate compartments are not likely to help their readers to arrive at a view of man and the universe that corresponds to

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modern knowledge and satisfactorily meets modern needs.

It might be helpful if we could have a history of religion that would assess religious movements fairly and sympathetically from the human point of view, that would show what demands these religions met, what values they accepted, and what methods they used to impose their codes of conduct on their adherents. Religion has played too large a part in human life to be treated either so stupidly as Potter or so partially as McCabe treats it. On the other hand, pure scholarship has value only for those who have the wisdom and courage to use it as a starting-point.

GRANVILLE HICKS

A Voters' Biography

Stresemann. The Man and the Statesman. By Rochus, Baron von Rheinbaben. Translated from the German by Cyrus Brooks and Hans Herzl. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

"IT is no easy task for the common people to understand a statesman who sets out on his career with great aims before him." Perhaps this sentence, culled from Baron von Rheinbaben's biography of the then German Foreign Minister, is an apology for the author's obviously ineffectual and eulogistic treatment of Stresemann. His book is less a contribution to history than a piece of propaganda for a party leader. The Foreign Minister is laboriously defended against the accusations of the Extreme Right, which charged him with always being too conciliatory and thereby damaging the dignity of the Reich. His war bravadoes and his brutal treatment of the radical Zeigner Ministry in Saxony are dismissed with a few fine phrases. The *leitmotiv* of the book is that the Lord did not in vain choose Stresemann, for verily he was a paragon of all virtues.

Stresemann, the man and his career, are both symbolic of the evolution which has occurred in Germany within the past two decades and which has resulted in the present balance of forces. A son of the lower middle class, he entered business life when the time was ripe for the political organization of the industrialists. His devotion to their cause, together with his organizing ability, was rewarded with a seat in the Reichstag when he was only 29 (not 19, as is stated on the jacket). When the old powers fell, he moved into the foreground as one of the ablest representatives of the classes that were henceforth to dominate Germany.

Any attempt to deal with this excellent diplomat and politician whom, not without justice, his enemies termed the "unstable idealist" should command wide attention. Unfortunately, the present volume fails to illuminate Stresemann's personality. It does not even give an impartial, comprehensive survey of the facts in his rise as a statesman. Instead of an analysis we are given a lesson in patriotism. In other words, the book is written down to the voters. A more discreet selection of the reprinted material, greater objectivity, and less verbosity would have made more fascinating reading.

WALTER KIEN

The Girl in the Shop

The Saleslady. By Frances R. Donovan. University of Chicago Press. $3.

MRS. DONOVAN takes us behind the counter, out on the floor, into the rest room where store employees talk of their jobs and themselves, and in so doing plays havoc with some of the dearest illusions of Hollywood and the short story. To take the place of the downtrodden working girl she introduces an eager, ambitious young business

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woman at home in the modern world, adapting herself without fuss or sentimentality to its demands—not an unappealing figure, after all.

Several years ago Mrs. Donovan's similar study of Chicago waitresses was published under the title "The Woman Who Waits" as one of the admirable University of Chicago Sociological Series edited by Professor Robert E. Park. "The Saleslady" is another volume in the same series and, like the other, is based on the writer's personal experience in the field she surveys. The setting is New York, to which Mrs. Donovan came with few acquaintances, twenty-five dollars, and the determination to make no draft on her reserves beyond this sum. Her book is the story of how she got and held a job in the ready-to-wear dress department of the vast retail organization she calls McElroy's and at the handbag counter of Harold's, Fifth Avenue.

The modern shopgirl, she found, has to prove her fitness for a job through health examination and intelligence tests. Before she goes to work she must attend classes in the principles and technique of salesmanship. When she can handle her stock and sales slips and knows the routine of her job she finds out at first hand the intricacies of departmental jealousies and loyalties, the weariness of inventory, the endless game of selling, the vagaries of the "old" customer, the "looker," the "stylish stout." The book tells a great deal about the possibilities and the limitations of the saleslady and her job, not by way of general discussion but through the conversation, the background, the friends, the romances, the recreations of Clara, Alice, Miss Nelson, Hilda, Edith, Ella Bailey, and the others with whom Mrs. Donovan worked and by whom she was accepted as "one of us."

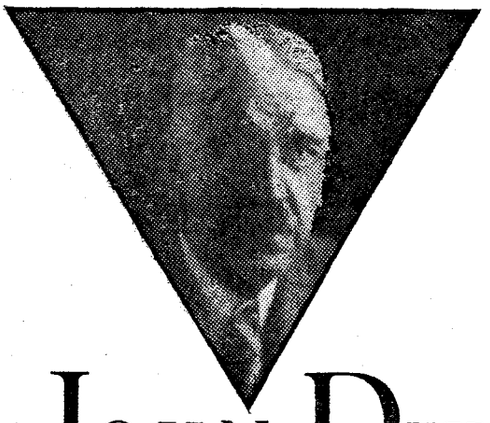
In his foreword Professor Park emphasizes the value of "The Saleslady" as an occupational study and as "a contribution to our knowledge of changes that are taking place in the life and character of women as a result of their entrance into the broader fields of economic life." Beyond this sociological service Mrs. Donovan offers us a book of real people, good talk, and the salty detail of the day's work.

BEULAH AMIDON

Books in Brief

The Trial of Life in College. By Rufus M. Jones. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

This book is a second chapter in the autobiography which Dr. Jones began some years ago in his little volume about his childhood entitled "Finding the Trail of Life." The author now takes us to his "bright college years," and writes of this period in his distinguished career with a warm glow of tender reminiscence. Through all this book there floats the aroma of affection for the old college, which in this case is Haverford. Here in these pages are charming pictures—the campus, for example, with its noble trees; important, sometimes distinguished, often eccentric personalities—Dean Sharpless; Thomas Chase, the president; Pliny Earle Chase, the professor of philosophy; the memory of great writers—Tennyson, Carlyle, Lowell, Whittier, George Eliot, of whom Dr. Jones has not yet learned to be ashamed; and always the atmosphere and the quiet deeds of the Quakers who made the setting of his student life. Colleges were different when Rufus Jones was a student. They practiced methods and cultivated ideals which stir a gentle smile on the faces of our modern sophisticates, but it may well be a question whether much has not also been lost. "The old-fashioned professor who covered a wide field of learning and had a broad culture and a depth of life and personality was, for most purposes, a more inspiring and more effective



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leader of men than is the modern Ph.D. with his narrow specialization and his exact scholarship." This book takes Dr. Jones through his graduate work at Pennsylvania and Harvard, his early activities as a teacher and a Quaker minister, and his marriage.

Courte Histoire du célibat ecclésiastique. Par Albert Houtin. Paris: Rieder. 12 francs.

This eminent ecclesiastical historian had roused the ire of the church by his criticism of its lack of candor in the matter of sacerdotal celibacy. He was not an enemy of the institution, but he was an enemy of deceit. He wanted the fact squarely faced that the church had not succeeded in enforcing the prohibition of priestly concubinage, just as we Americans must face the fact squarely that we have not yet succeeded in prohibiting the use of alcoholic beverages. When ecclesiastical authorities undertook to silence him he went to work all the more determinedly, without heat or malice, but without fear or favor, to establish an unquestionable fact; and death found him industriously accumulating evidence, generation by generation, that at no time in the church's history has she been able to prevent actual or virtual marriages, not to mention immorality, among her priesthood. He had brought his study through the sixteenth century when his pen dropped from his hand, and the book was completed by Armand Dulac.

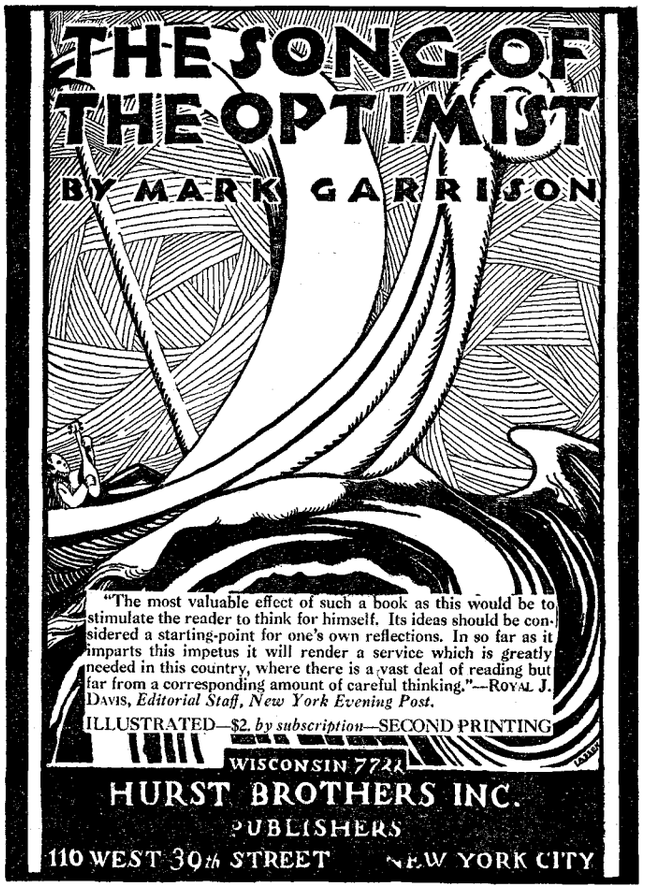
Boys' Book of Astronomy. By Goodwin Deloss Swezey and J. Harris Gable. E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.50.

A popular account of astronomy, profusely illustrated in black and white by the authors, especially intended for Boy Scouts and other boys of twelve or thereabouts. No reason is apparent why the book should not be equally useful to star-studying girls or to older people who want to know something about the heavens.

Music

The New York Musical Season

THE new musical season is already under way in New York with the beginning of the Philharmonic concerts under the brilliant leadership of Signor Toscanini. There is nothing to indicate that the preeminence of New York as the musical center of the world since the beginning of the World War has been dimmed. It need hardly be said that the opening Philharmonic concert on the night of October 3 was as well rounded as it was distinguished. Whether because of the virtuosity of the conductor or for other reasons, the orchestra sounded more compact in body of tone and more finished in production than is usually the case in opening concerts. The "Don Quixote" of Strauss requires the utmost sympathy in delineation as well as the most scrupulous attention to line and detail. Signor Toscanini succeeded not only in the obvious difficulties which the score presents but also in the subtler task of introducing in wholly spontaneous vein the note of improvization and *diablerie* demanded by Cervantes's tale. The program began with Schumann's "Manfred" and closed with a masterly performance of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony—an all-German program for the opening night of an American orchestra led by an Italian conductor. The appearance of the Seventh Symphony on the program, together with the announcement of future performances, shows that Toscanini is not going to turn his back on compositions already in public favor. It is an inestimable privilege to hear his interpretation of masterpieces, but that does not mean that he is going to neglect either the novelties or compositions of lesser importance.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In the Current Issue of
THE MENORAH JOURNAL

The Future in Palestine — **Henry Hurwitz**
The recent events in Palestine and the future of the Zionist enterprise analyzed by the Editor of THE MENORAH JOURNAL. *Nation* readers will be interested in this expression of liberal Jewish opinion, sympathetic to Zionism, but completely independent of official Zionism.

The Modern Distemper — **Waldo Frank**
How soundly based, how deeply thought through, is the pessimism of our intellectuals? Mr. Frank, author of *The Re-discovery of America*, examines Joseph Wood Krutch's *The Modern Temper*, which attempts to set down the view of the universe held by a critical, "modern" American. Mr. Frank analyzes the philosophic bases and the logic of Mr. Krutch's views on God, love, truth, science, art and the good life, and comes to some provocative conclusions.

The Sixteenth Zionist Congress — **Herbert Solow**
The Sixteenth Zionist Congress at Zurich voted to transfer the control of the upbuilding of Palestine from the World Zionist Organization to an Extended Jewish Agency composed equally of Zionists and "non-Zionists." A full account and interpretation of the proceedings by a non-partisan observer.

Sayings of the Baal-Shem-Tov — **Martin Buber**
The first translation into English from Martin Buber's famous collection of the wisdom sayings of one of the greatest mystic figures of the past few centuries, the Baal-Shem-Tov, the "Master of the Good Name." The translation is by Clifton P. Fadiman.

OTHER FEATURES
Story-Teller (a story), by Lawrence Drake; Prayers, by Edward Robbin; In These Heavy Hot Days—, by Gershon Shufman; Letter from Berlin: Beyond Assimilation, by Erich Gutkind; American Public Opinion on Palestine, by Louis Berg; A Jewish Tragedy, by Eliezer Katz; Portraits of a Minyan, by Abraham M. Klein; Book Reviews by Isidor Schneider, Lionel Trilling, A. B. Magil and Libbian Benedict.

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The Philharmonic is fortunate in having Toscanini close the season this year as well as open it. He will conduct the orchestra until November 24, and again from February 24 until April 20. There will be an inevitable let-down in between when Mengelberg will conduct for about two months and Molinari for about four weeks. Mr. Mengelberg no longer holds the position in the regard of Philharmonic patrons that was formerly his. Toscanini will produce, by the way, among the important novelties of the season, Kodaly's "Psalmus Hungaricus," a work much admired abroad.

The Philadelphia orchestra and the Boston Symphony will both offer in New York especially attractive programs. The Philadelphia organization is to give ten concerts, five of them directed by Stokowsky and five by Gabrilowitsch. Among the important specialties announced are Stravinsky's "Sucre du Printemps," to be produced as a ballet with orchestral accompaniment in New York on April 11, 12, and 14, and a composition by Boris Godounoff in concert form to be given in Philadelphia on November 29. This latter will be the first production in America of the work in the unadulterated Moussorgsky version as recently performed under the auspices of the Soviet Government at Moscow. The Boston orchestra under Koussewitzky will likewise give ten concerts in Carnegie Hall and bring out a considerable list of important novelties and revivals. Among the American novelties are a symphony by Aaron Copeland and tone poems by Roger Sessions and Werner Josten, as well as Samuel Gardner's "Broadway." European scores new to American audiences are the Third Symphony of Prokovieff, a "Concerto Grosso" by Lazar, and a ballet suite founded on the music of Johann Sebastian Bach by Honegger. The revivals include Mahler's Ninth Symphony and the song cycle "Kindertotenlieder," Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, Strauss's "Don Quixote," Debussy's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," and a concerto for wind instruments by Spohr.

The Oratorio Society has on its prospectus a remarkable program of early *a cappella* music and modern folksongs, to be given in Town Hall on February 15. Would there were more programs of this description! Among the oratorios to be presented at Carnegie Hall will be "Judas Maccabaeus" on November 11, the "Messiah" on December 29, and Bach's D Minor Mass on May 5.

In the operatic field the most interesting event will be the debut of the new Wagnerian conductor, Rosenstock, in the production of "Die Meistersinger." Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" with Lucrezia Bori in the title role will open the season on October 28, and his "Girl of the Golden West" will also be given with Mme Jeritza in the role of the American heroine. There seems, however, to be only one novelty promised: Rimsky Korsakoff's "Sadko" will be produced for the first time in this country in mid-January. "Don Giovanni," under Mr. Serafin's direction and with an all-star cast, will be revived during the fourth week of the opera, and Verdi's "Luisa Miller" about December 15. The remaining revivals, "Louise," "Elisir d'Amore," and "Fidelio," will have their place during the latter half of the season, when the usual Wagner cycle will also be given. Among the important new singers at the opera will be the basso Tancredi Pascero, the Dutch soprano Elizabeth Ohms, and the French tenor Antonin Trantoul.

As for the soloists, there will as usual be as many as are seventeen-year locusts. The instrumentalists again greatly outnumber the singers. Paderewski heads the list, and there follow Bauer, Alexander Siloti, Gabrilowitsch, Horowitz, Brailowsky, Ezra Rachlin the American boy prodigy, Josef Lhevine, Cortot, José Iturbi the Spaniard, and Rudolph Ganz. The list of violinists includes Kreisler, who achieved his usual triumph at his opening concert on October 8; Spalding on November 18, Thibaut on November 26, Zimbalist on December 11, Yehudi Menuhin the boy marvel on January 3, and Toscha Seidel on

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March 29. Herman Rosen, a pupil of Auer's, made his debut on October 10 with moderate success.

Among the vocalists the following will give concerts: Werrenrath (November 1), Elizabeth Rethberg at Columbia University (November 9), Roland Hayes (November 13), Laurence Tibbett (January 4), Arthur Hackett (January 12), Florence Austral (January 16), Tito Schipa (February 10), and Louise Homer (March 5). The new chamber music organization, the Lehner String Quartet, is to give a series of five concerts at Carnegie Hall illustrating the growth and development of chamber music, and the London String Quartet is likewise to give five concerts.

LAURENCE ADLER

Drama

Silver Lining—No Cloud

"A HUNDRED YEARS OLD," by the brothers Quintero, serves to bring Otis Skinner back to the stage of the Lyceum Theater. Almost anything which did that would be welcome because Mr. Skinner is still capable of giving a beautiful performance and of making his personal magnetism strongly felt across the footlights. But when one has said of the play that a certain delicacy in the writing does as much as could possibly be done to make tolerable its unrelieved sweetness, one has said about all that can be said in its favor. There is no suspense, no conflict, no movement, and no ideas—unless a few sentimental platitudes may be dignified by the name of the latter. An old gentleman has been looking forward to gathering all the members of his large family about him on his hundredth birthday. He invites them all, and they all come to pay tribute to his age and to the general goodness of his character. Nothing else happens except that a very young and pure ingenue falls pleasantly in love with a very dashing young cousin. Everything begins happily and everything ends in the same fashion.

I have no doubt that the Spaniards have earned in one way or another their reputation for passion, violence, and fire; but if one may judge by those contemporary playwrights whose work has recently been seen on the American stage, your modern Spaniard lives continuously in a mist of mellow sentiment. Certainly Martinez Sierra is as gentle as any sucking dove, and certainly the work of the brothers Quintero is all but indistinguishable from his. Their characters are overflowing with the spirit of competitive benevolence; such orgies of goodness have not been since the days of our own Age of Innocence; and the "message" which the plays deliver is as tranquillizing as a causerie by Dr. Henry van Dyke. They imply not only that love is best but also that its course is so smooth as to suggest a kind of stagnation. They invite us to realize that, beneath the rough or smooth exterior, peasant and noble are what Mr. Guest would call "just folks," and that even the pride of the hidalgo is nothing more than "his way," since aristocratic blood owes its blueness to a very plentiful admixture of the skimmed milk of human kindness. Servants are loyal and masters are kindly. The priests are good and so are the freethinkers. In fact, everybody is good, and even those who seem least promising are only waiting for a favorable opportunity to demonstrate at what a low temperature their hearts will melt. Occasionally frail? Yes. Wicked? Never! And, of course, enough forgiveness to go all the way around is constantly on tap.

"Anything that has its foundation in happiness and success must be allowed to be the object of comedy; and sure it must be an improvement of it to introduce a joy too exquisite for laughter." These words were not written by either Sierra or the Quinteros. As a matter of fact they were written just a little over two hundred years ago as part of the preface attached by Richard Steele to his sentimental comedy "The Conscious Lovers," and were intended as a kind of proclamation in favor of a certain kind of play. But so constant is the type that they might serve our Spanish authors just as well. They express the philosophy behind a kind of drama which aims at only one kind of effect—that produced by scenes of repentance, reconciliation, forgiveness, and general benevolence. Steele called it "a joy too exquisite for laughter" and believed that it had a very improving effect upon those who felt it. Most modern critics have called it sentimentality and been inclined, like William James, to suspect that audiences like it because it enables them to feel very virtuous at the expense of singularly little effort. Certainly it is the death of everything that is commonly thought of as drama. The author is so anxious to get at the repentance or the reconciliation that he can hardly spare the time to allow anybody to sin or quarrel. The whole thing is one long happy ending, and there is no cloud to sew the silver lining to.

The appearance of such a play is always the occasion for various people to ask why, after all, there isn't a legitimate place for what they call "wholesome sentiment," but the answer is not so difficult as they seem to imply. Sentimentality has been well defined as the attitude which arises in those who are so anxious to believe things what they ought to be that they pay no attention at all to what they are. It means the end not only of drama but of every vestige of the critical attitude toward persons and events. There are only two ways of dealing with life—the way of passion and the way of intellect. Either one can accept reality and master it after a fashion, but sentiment refuses to play the game at all unless it can do so with loaded dice.

"Candle Light (Empire Theater) is a mildly naughty little comedy translated from the German of a Viennese playwright and further embellished with some of P. G. Wodehouse's characteristic dialogue. It is thin and not tremendously original, but it is easy, skilful, and acted with exceptional suavity by Gertrude Lawrence, Reginald Owen, and Leslie Howard. Considerable success is confidently predicted. "The House of Fear" (Republic Theater) is one of those burlesque mystery plays in which every vestige of intelligibility is sacrificed in the interest of mysterious hands, sliding doors, dubious spooks, etc. Recommended to those—apparently they exist—who liked "The Spider." "Mlle Modiste" is the second of the series of revivals of the Victor Herbert operas at the Jolson Theater. Fritzi Scheff returns to the role she created some twenty years ago and gives an amazingly youthful performance.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Criminal Code" (National Theater) manages, with very few concessions to a soft-hearted audience, to bring a theme through to a just and plausible conclusion. As in Galsworthy's "Justice," society—this time in the form of the criminal code—is the villain of the piece. A young man from the country, in the company of a street girl and stimulated by a pint of gin, kills a man in a notorious joint. It has happened in a second, without premeditation of any kind, but the law demands its pound of flesh and the sentence is ten years in prison. The hideous monotony of prison life makes its mark on the boy's spirit, yet he remains true to the prison code of honor; he will not squeal on a fellow-prisoner who has committed murder in prison; but solitary confinement to make him tell drives him mad enough to kill one of his jailers and he is irrevocably lost at the moment his parole lies on a friendly warden's desk. Only an unnecessary romance with the warden's daughter weakens a powerful and moving play. The warden is altogether admirably acted by Arthur Byron.

D. V. D.

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International Relations Section

Reign of Terror in Jugoslavia

FOR more than nine months Jugoslavia has been under the domination of a military dictatorship which was set up avowedly as a temporary measure for the purpose of putting an end to party strife and building up a national unity. According to the scant reports which filter from time to time through the strict censorship, the dictatorship not only has not accomplished its purpose but has increased if anything the disunity it set out to correct. Nor does it show any sign of yielding its power. Rather, it has become more absolute with the passing months. We print herewith an account of present conditions in Jugoslavia which, with the accompanying explanatory note concerning its anonymous author, is taken from the *Manchester Guardian.*

The following article was written by a correspondent, a journalist, long familiar with Serbs and Croats. He was in Belgrade, Zagreb, and other Jugoslav towns recently, but the authorities at Belgrade refused to let him stay in the country unless he pledged himself to write only such articles as were favorable, or at least not unfavorable, to the dictatorship. He was unable to give this pledge—for reasons which the following article makes clear—and has just left Jugoslav territory.

Belgrade, September

General Pera Zhivkovich's coup d'etat last January suspended the constitution and all the constitutional rights of the people. Parliament was dissolved, a dictatorship was established, and the whole country was placed under martial law. The excuse given was that democracy had failed and that only soldiers could run the state, put an end to administrative disorder, abolish corruption, overcome the financial and economic crisis, and above all, reconcile Serb and Croat, Belgrade and Zagreb, and solve all conflicts with foreign countries.

For seven months Jugoslavia has been like a cemetery. Parliament, which by its sins certainly prepared the way for the dictatorship, is dead. The press is dead—newspapers are allowed to express no opinions of their own. The political parties have been suppressed. There is no public word of criticism, no questioning even, throughout the land. Soldiers rule absolutely from Maribor to Monastir. And if we ask "Has the dictatorship solved a single one of the problems that threatened the existence of the Jugoslav state?" the answer is "No."

The economic and financial crisis is worse than it was. Orders and counter-orders are given profusely by government and administration, and the result is greater disorder. Corruption flourishes now as before. Relations with foreign Powers—particularly Bulgaria—are worse than ever. As for the most vital question—the reunion of Serb and Croat—it was never so far off as now.

Never was there such bitterness and disappointment in Zagreb. The King, who a few months ago was still popular in Zagreb and was looked upon as the ultimate symbol of Jugoslav unity, cannot today run the risk of showing himself in the Zagreb streets. The dictatorship has destroyed whatever confidence in Belgrade Zagreb may have had.

In June a declaration of loyalty to the King was drawn up at a meeting of representative lawyers in Zagreb. One of them proposed that an appeal should be included asking the King to give the people back their constitution. He was arrested, tried at Belgrade, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Since January 6 some three thousand persons, chiefly students and workmen, have been arrested for "political offenses." In the last week of July thieves and others serving short sentences for non-political offenses were released so as to make room for political offenders.

The country has become a paradise for police spies, agents, scabs, and blackmailers. It is quite a common thing for police officials, especially in the villages where they are all-powerful, to squeeze hush-money out of the terrified inhabitants.

In the prisons confessions are extorted by the most inhuman torments. Many prisoners, unable to bear these torments any longer, have committed suicide. One prisoner was beaten to death in Zagreb and then thrown down on to the pavement below so as to make it seem as though he had taken his own life. The two Communists Etchimovich and Pavlovich were beaten almost to death in Zagreb and then taken to the Austrian frontier and shot at close range (the police report said that they were shot "while trying to escape"). In the village of Samobor three young men alleged to be Communists were attacked by gendarmes who broke into their common bedroom. All three were shot, the police reporting that there had been a fight in which one had been killed, whereupon the two others had committed suicide.

Hardly anyone is safe because almost anyone can be "suspected of communism." There is, of course, a Communist movement in Jugoslavia, and the dictatorship is driving many of the more daring students and workmen into its ranks. The dictatorship secretly welcomes the existence of such a movement, for it can then pretend that it is fighting against Bolshevism, a pretense which will, so it hopes, make it seem respectable in Western European eyes.

It is a dictatorship of swords and revolvers. It weighs like lead upon the whole country. Even friends cannot trust one another any more, and all political conversation is avoided. No one can tell who is not a spy or an agent. No one is safe from the charge of being a Communist, even if he has never had anything to do with communism. Night and day the police patrol the Zagreb streets and squares with loaded rifles because of the "Communist danger."

And in Macedonia things are much worse than in Zagreb. The national minorities are being robbed of all their rights. In all the regions inhabited by minorities Serb officials are ousting local officials. All responsible jobs in the post offices, on the railways, and in the police force are given to Serbs. All the soldiers in the barracks are strangers—local conscripts are always sent elsewhere. The German and Hungarian minorities are being oppressed and exploited as never before, but even their lot is not as hard as that of the Macedonians.

Ten years ago the Jugoslav state began its new existence amid the enthusiasm of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, who saw freedom and unity achieved at last after centuries of effort. They all—from Pachich down to the humblest citizen—proclaimed democracy to be the one guaranty of a good future. Even King Alexander declared, when the new state was founded, that he would only be king of free citizens and that he would remain true to "the great constitutional, parlimentary, and, in the widest sense, democratic principles." Democracy has now been destroyed. Freedom is gone. There is little doubt that if the dictatorship lasts it will succeed in destroying the unity that was achieved after so long an effort.

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